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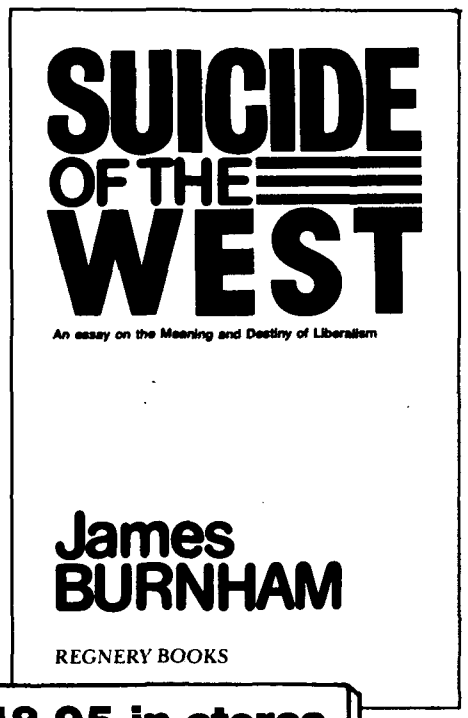

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•It has not been a benign summer. The Republic broils under an unkind sun, and certain areas of the West and of Canada have actually burst into flame. The citizenry's serenity strains beneath rumor of terrorist plots, spy cases, and now a breach of Central Intelligence Agency security in the person of Miss Sharon Scranage, a lewd clerk accused of passing classified information to a foreign lover. Finally, July brought disturbing evidence that the American left is more heavily influenced by British intelligence than ever before.

•This became clear when Mr. Christopher Hitchens, an Englishman now ubiquitous in Washington, suddenly took over the *Village Voice*'s prized "Press Clips" column. Mr. Hitchens, whose "high-tea" radicalism is recognized by intelligence experts as an ill-conceived disguise for advancing the interests of the British upper class, was educated at Oxford, is married to a Cypriot, and maintains close ties to Middle Eastern figures long associated with the interests of the British Empire in that area. The *Voice* claims that Mr. Hitchens's position is only "temporary," but now that the paper is passing from the capable hands of Mr. Rupert Murdoch into those of the gullible anglophile, Mr. Leonard Stern, whose fortune was made in the bird and dog food business, the wily Mr. Hitchens will be hard to scotch. Intelligence experts even speak of the return to the *Voice* of Mr. Alexander Cockburn, another well-known British agent whose aptitude for living in Oriental splendor off American heiresses has saved his government a pretty penny.

•Mr. Cockburn moved effortlessly from the *Voice* to the *Nation*, where his influence has become legendary, after it was revealed that he had been the recipient of $10,000 from the now-defunct Institute of Arab Studies. Mr. Hitchens's links to the Middle East are even more revealing. He has openly accepted funds from Quartet Books, owned by the shadowy Mr. Naim Attall. Mr. Attall's ties with the British upper class are quite clear, his tendency for hiring the daughters of British aristocrats having caused London wags to christen his publishing house "Naim's Hareem."

•What is particularly worrying about Hitchens & Cockburn Ltd. is not only that its agile principals are effective in inflaming the anti-Americanism of the left, but that their criticism of American journalism is spreading John Bull's influence throughout major media. They seem to take an especial interest in denigrating the objectivity of American journalists who hew to an independent course and are always demanding the banishment of those who displease them. At places like the *New York Times* the tactic seems to work, and now both men are actually moving out of their lairs on the left and into respectable forums. Mr. Cockburn writes in the *Wall Street Journal* where he rebukes editors and writers alike, and Mr. Hitchens appears regularly on television, notwithstanding the fact that while on camera he never looks up from his shoes.

•An unfriendly growth was discovered in the President's colon on July 12 during routine surgery of a cosmetic nature, and on the following day he underwent a much more critical operation to remove it. The growth proved to be cancerous and necessitated the removal of a two-foot section of his right colon, leaving him with a semi-colon but good chances of a complete recovery. "Rainbow Warrior," referred to in the popular press as "the flagship of the Greenpeace environmental organization," sank in a New Zealand harbor after a surreptitiously planted bomb went off, killing one crew member. Mr. Allyn Conwell, the facile spokesman for the kidnapped Americans on TWA Flight 847, was boomed for high political office by the preposterous Miss Phyllis George on "The CBS Morning News," revealing once again the low intelligence of TV's celebrity journalists and the liberties that are allowed them in a bogus journalism devoid of standards beyond the anatomical and the tawdry.

•In New London, Connecticut, a creature even more preposterous than Miss George failed in its attempt to head a local American Legion Post. "Ms. Bridgett Poi" is what euphemists call a transsexual—that is to say, a male whittled into a facsimile of an extremely troubled female, but a male nonetheless. The thing was beaten back by a vote of 23-13; and throughout its noisome campaign the press was always at pains to report the farce as if it were but one more episode in America's long march to justice: from Concord to Gettysburg, from the Birmingham bus boycott to the burning of bras in Central Park. Now it is the transsexual's conquest of the American Legion. Only the American do-gooder could have transformed human rights into a tasteless joke. In San Diego, California, Mr. David Goodstein, former publisher of the *Advocate*, a homosexual rights magazine, died of bowel cancer. He left no issue.

•The Republic's feminists remain as angry and irrational as ever. In Santa Cruz, California, nearly two dozen head of them turned out to protest the Miss California pageant, pouring blood on the sidewalk and shouting inscrutable slogans such as "Over the blood of raped women." In West Los Angeles, California, feminist attorney Miss Gloria Allred filed suit against a local children's hair salon on behalf of a three-year-old girl whose mother, Mrs. Joni Zuckerbrow-Miller, discovered that the little girl's haircut took less time and cost more money than that of her four-year-old brother, whose life will not be easy. Yet some men have quite obviously had enough. In Watford, England, Mr. Keith Everitt admitted to being the infamous "Jack the Crimper" who has been accosting women on the street and rubbing shampoo into their hair whether they liked it or not. And in Tokyo, Japan, police nabbed a 22-year-old dishwasher given to slitting the skirts of innocent ladies in broad daylight and allowing them to walk off unsuspectingly with their unmentionables exposed for all to see.

•Yet not all the protagonists in the sexual jungle are awash in animus. The colossal Madonna filed neither plaints nor whimpers when it was announced that some of the nation's leading men's magazines had laid hands on nude pictures of her person. She is a working girl with the traditional big heart. Champagne must have been flowing at the *New York Post* when one of Mr. Bernhard Goetz's luckless assailants was charged with rape, robbery, sodomy, assault, and criminal possession of a gun in connection with a complaint lodged by a 20-year-old New York woman who, much to her misfortune, was unarmed. The accused is Mr. James Ramseur, whom Mr. Goetz shot

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in the chest, and who later notified the world that he wanted "to see Bernie Goetz fry." Mr. David Stockman announced his plans to leave the government, and Mr. Jae Kyu Park, the celebrated turkey sexer of Garner, North Carolina, has lost yet another court fight in his struggle to be reinstated at the Sleepy Creeks Farms from which he was fired when his success rate slipped to an unflattering 92 percent.

•In the category of believe-it-or-not, a surgical team at Norfolk General Hospital removed a 36-pound tumor from the face of a 44-year-old Filipino woman, and Speaker of the House Thomas (Tip) O'Neill, Jr. has sold his memoirs—as yet unwritten—to Random House for "in excess of a million dollars," that is, about ten cents a pound. In the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Mr. Grigory V. Romanov cheerfully retired from the Politburo, ending a surprisingly good-natured rivalry with the suave Mr. Mikhail S. Gorbachev. Mr. Romanov has decided to become a fern salesman in Murmansk. Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko was elevated to the Soviet presidency, while Mr. Eduard Shevardnadze was called in from Tbilisi, Georgia to fill Mr. Gromyko's post. The system works!

•Finally, Ethiopia is a happy land today, thanks to the efforts of a rock *artiste*, Mr. Bob Geldof of the Boomtown Rats. Mr. Geldof is the brain behind the Live Aid concert broadcast from London and Philadelphia July 13 to raise funds for Africa's victims of starvation. As much as 55 million dollars was raised, and it is only a matter of time before it is used to fill the stomachs of the hungry. One sees hundreds of thousands of smiling Ethiopes, all sitting around their tape decks listening to the warbling and dining on delicious Stouffer's frozen meals prepared in a nearby communal microwave. After dinner there will be still more tapes, this time featuring speeches from the United Nations Decade for Women Conference that opened on July 12 in Nairobi, Kenya. And then there will be songs. Yes! That is it precisely, all these previously famished Third Worlders will leap to their feet and sing and throw frisbees and disport on their skate boards. Give a modern progressive a few rock singers and a "feed" from the studio and hesto presto you have a better world, at least until the electricity fails. —*RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Poisoned Ivy

I was disturbed to read Malcolm Gladwell's scurrilous review of Ben Hart's *Poisoned Ivy* in the May issue of *The American Spectator*. Mr. Gladwell completely misrepresents the spirit of the book, leaving his readers with the impression that Hart's book is no more than a reminiscence of college hijinks.

At one point, Mr. Gladwell makes the blanket assertion that Hart "does not pretend that this is a particularly thoughtful book." This comment ignores Hart's valuable analysis of the liberal mind as he experienced it at Dartmouth. More disturbingly, it ignores Hart's discussion of curriculum reform at Dartmouth and other liberal arts colleges in general. In chapter six of *Poisoned Ivy* Hart points out that Dartmouth students can graduate without reading any of the classics of Western civilization, and goes on to argue compellingly for a great books requirement. Mr. Gladwell chooses to ignore this significant analysis and discuss only Hart's comments on athletics and social life. He then has the temerity to suggest that Mr. Hart has "less of an affinity with the old educational ethos than simply with an upper-class summer-camp hedonism." In reality, Mr. Hart gives a balanced view of Dartmouth which Mr. Gladwell has chosen to, seemingly willfully, distort.

When it comes to a discussion of Dartmouth College in general, Mr. Gladwell displays an even more vicious bias. He dismisses Dartmouth as a serious academic institution, instead delegating to it the purpose of building character. Ben Hart, of course, realizes that serious academic study is necessary to build character. He is fighting to preserve the very values that Mr. Gladwell paradoxically accuses him of ignoring.

Finally, the tone of Mr. Gladwell's review is unnecessarily harsh. Assuredly, Mr. Hart's book has its flaws—on the level of style especially—but its general purpose is laudable. As the country moves progressively further to the right, our educational institutions remain mired in a quagmire of liberal intransigence. Hart's modest attempt to redress this situation certainly deserves our praise, not the petty slurs it has received in *The American Spectator*.

—Grant Snyder
Boston, Massachusetts

I am sorry to conclude that Mr. Malcolm Gladwell has perpetrated a vicious and checkable fraud in the pages of *The American Spectator*, betraying the trust of his readers and the confidence of his editors.

In his review of the book *Poisoned Ivy* by Benjamin Hart, Mr. Gladwell argues that Dartmouth College is a "party" college, the USC of the East, and seeks to support that characterization with some "statistics." He writes:

> Statistics from the class of '87, for example, show that a great percentage of Dartmouth's regular-admission, non-affirmative action students are academically mediocre. Of a class 87 percent white, almost 60 percent of the total were "B" students in high school, and almost 20 percent were "C" and below. Further, 22 percent were in the second 20 percent of their high school class, and over 30 percent were between the 40th and 60th percentile.

Since Mr. Gladwell specifies no source for those "statistics," it would be useful if he could supply one, complete with appropriate bibliographical references. His "statistics" are entirely false, as is his general characterization of Dartmouth—upon which much of the "logic" of his review is based.

The fact of the matter is that the academic profile of a Dartmouth freshman class does not differ from that of other Ivy League and similarly selective colleges.

The vast majority of candidates for admission to Dartmouth, and therefore acceptances, and, it follows, matriculants, rank in the top quarter of their respective classes. Of that group, most are in the top 10 percent. Of that top 10 percent, most are closer to the upper end than the lower end.

Mr. Gladwell betrays an abysmal ignorance of what is going on in the highly selective colleges at the present time. The self-selection of applicants for the highly competitive colleges is such that they are selecting almost exclusively from the high end of graduating classes. A very small percentage—affirmative action, special talents—does not fit that description. In the admissions process for the class of '87, about which Mr. Gladwell writes, it was necessary to deny admission to 2,413 applicants who ranked in the top 10 percent of their classes. The SAT scores of entering Dartmouth freshmen do not differ from those of freshmen at other Ivy League and similarly selective colleges.

An official in the Dartmouth Office of Admissions commented as follows on Mr. Gladwell's "statistics": "The statistics that are cited in the photocopy of the article you sent me not only are erroneous, but give rise to serious doubt about the integrity of the author."

The same sort of demonstration could be made, at greater length, about his description of *Poisoned Ivy*.

The American Spectator, of course, is not to be blamed but commiserated with. In a very sound barrel of apples, you have come up with a rotten one. It is amusing that Mr. Gladwell is employed by the Ethics and Public Policy Center. *Ethics*!

—Jeffrey Hart
Professor of English
Dartmouth College
Hanover, New Hampshire

Malcolm Gladwell replies:

I am hurt that Mr. Snyder seems to have missed my heroic attempts to do the "spirit" of *Poisoned Ivy* justice. What other than a scrupulous concern for fairness, after all, forced me to the tortuous appraisal: "Hart does not pretend this is a particularly thoughtful book"? A cad would have opted for something pithier, such as, say, "This is not a particularly thoughtful book," thereby robbing Hart of one of the most plausible of the charitable explanations for his book's fatuousness—that he actually intended it that way.

Mr. Snyder is quite right, however, in his accusation that I failed to represent the instances when Hart, discussing "curriculum reform at Dartmouth . . . argue[s] compellingly for a great books requirement." Let me do that now. Upon his arrival at school for the first time, Hart's central concern appears to be that "it is possible to survive at Dartmouth without ever having read a word of Shakespeare, Dante, or Homer," which is reasonable, especially since, eight pages later, Hart tells us that he already has on his bookshelf the works of "Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare." His outrage mounting, Hart constructs a test for the greatness of literature on page 49, finds that "Homer, Virgil, Plato, Aristotle, Dante, and Shakespeare pass this test," backs it up with cool reason—"The longer a work endures, the more esteem it has. This is why Shakespeare is preferable to a Harlequin romance. He states things better"—then dodges a bullet from modern science ("I felt relieved that a computer still couldn't write *The Divine Comedy*") before asking the question that, by this point, has become rhetorical: "What I could never understand was why any student would pay more than $10,000 a year to take Women's Studies when they could

(continued on page 49)

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EDITORIALS

GRUMBLES ON THE RIGHT

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The historically inclined will recall that it was at about this time in Ronald Reagan's first term when conservatives began complaining of his ideological waywardness. Curiously enough, their grumbling has broken out anew; and now in the White House there is no James A. Baker III to take the rap. Another difference is that, whereas in 1981 the grumbling conservatives were overt, today they are covert—at least for the most part.

Yet today's criticisms may be more fateful than those of 1981, for if today's conservative critics mutiny they can render the President impotent to influence the choice of a successor. Anyone mindful of the fruitlessness of John Ashbrook's challenge to Richard Nixon's renomination recognized the futility of the conservatives' first round of complaints against the Reagan Administration in 1981. Today's conservative critics have brighter prospects. They will most likely decide the Republican party's future. This may not worry our debonair President, but think of his friend George!

For now, the only outspoken grumbler against the Reagan Administration is the senior senator from North Carolina, Jesse Helms. In American politics he is our Enoch Powell. Like Britain's forlorn right-wing MP from Northern Ireland, Helms is given to standing alone, reproaching governments whether they are of his party or not. At this very hour in the Senate he is holding up the appointments of twenty-eight State Department nominees because of Secretary of State George Shultz's alleged discourtesies towards six conservatives formerly in his employment. On larger issues, the Hon. Helms is equally critical of the State Department. Meanwhile, like-minded conservatives merely murmur.

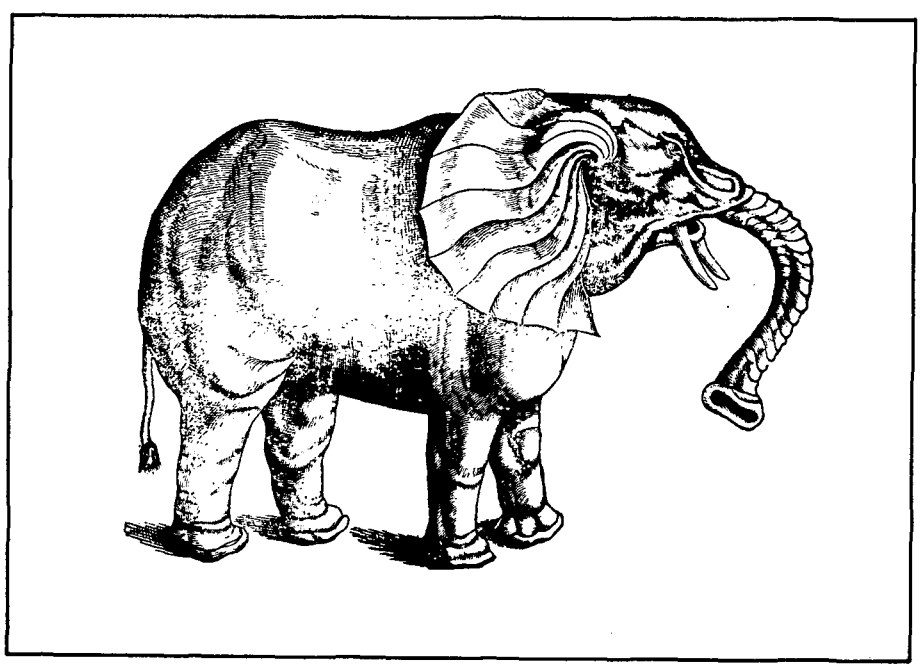
Their complaints remain underground for now because since the 1960s Ronald Reagan has been kin. He is their dream President, though those with a long memory still esteem the martyred McKinley as numero uno. What is more the conservatives know that they will have to make do with Ron for three more years, and they are still willing to give him benefit of the doubt. But wherever they gather—in Capitol Hill offices, in their think tanks, in their proliferating Washington lobbying offices—they repine. Frustration moves some to the outer limits of despair. Last month I actually heard a distinguished conservative writer speak nostalgically of the Wonderboy from Plains, Georgia. "Carter at least was learning. Reagan seems to be forgetting," said the fellow whom Christian charity prevents me from identifying.

What the conservatives fear Ronald Reagan has forgotten is that in politics one must fight for one's supporters and friends. They point to the growing number of corpses piled outside the august Senate. Most are the bodies of presidential nominees. Never before has the Senate rejected so many. The conservatives blame the Reagan Administration for failing to defend its own. They are also critical of it for failing to fight for the military budget. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger had wanted a 9-percent real growth in Pentagon spending. Then the Administration settled for a 5.9-percent increase. Then it dropped its request to 3 percent. In May it settled for zero real growth. Conservatives doubt that the Administration will hold out even for that.

Other complaints include the Administration's capitulation on aid for the contras. Originally it wanted military aid. Now it is settling for "humanitarian" aid, as though the contras were victims of a natural disaster rather than soldiers engaged in turning back our mutual enemies. The conservatives disapproved of the Administration's recent decision to abide by that unratified SALT II agreement that candidate Reagan once abominated. They criticized his ardor for a summit meeting with the dashing Gorbachev, and they grouse about his feeble response to the murders of American servicemen abroad. In sum they fear the President has become complacent and passive. They doubt he will labor very diligently for true tax reform.

All in all they have compiled a long list of anxieties and complaints in a very short period of time. This may not affect the President's plans, but as 1988 approaches it may influence the hopes and dreams of his loyal friend George Bush. The conservatives dominate grassroots Republicanism, and if their complaints against the White House continue to grow they will not be very friendly toward the White House's candidate next presidential year. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



DEATH IN OBSCURITY

Now that the kidnapped Americans have been returned, learned assessments are resounding throughout the land. From conservatives come condemnations. From the liberal consensus comes that appalling mixture of sentimentality, impudence, and rodomontade. Soon the pundits will, like a restless herd, pass on to newer calamities, infamies, and heartwarmers (note how the Bitburg furor dissipated). This is the way we mark history in the modern age.

I first got wind of the conservatives' response to the Reagan Administration's behavior when I encountered a heaving jogger suffering horribly in front of New York's Carlyle Hotel. It was George Will. We joked a bit, he comparing his exertions to those of a celebrated advocate and practitioner of the jog, I noting that the poor fellow had expired in the midst of those ill-advised exertions. Then we got down to brass tacks. Both of us were repulsed by Beirut's media spectacle. Both shared an antipathy for the Administration's diplomacy and for some of the hostages' utterances.

I have now had sufficient time to reflect on my criticisms, however, and though the conservatives' criticism grows I doubt the Administration deserves it. To begin with, the Administration was in no position to prevent the terrorists from realizing their major goal: to wit, attracting attention. Nor after the plane's last landing in Beirut was a rescue mission plausible or useful.

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Our government was unable to prevent the terrorists from achieving their goal because of our media's innocence. The ingenues with the cameras and the microphones rushed in where diplomats and soldiers are not welcome. Does that tell us anything? Vicious terrorists and their collaborators were not willing to welcome our diplomats or our Delta Force, but delighted in welcoming our media. Did the journalists ever get the feeling that they were being used? The media's presence rewarded the terrorists' brutality.

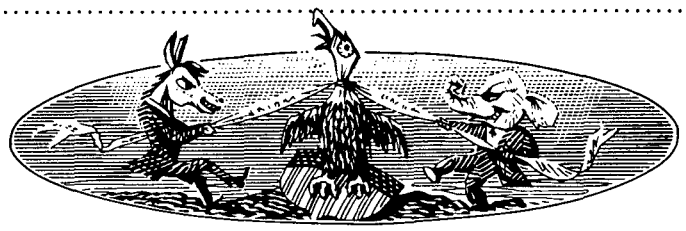
Many members of the media see themselves as standing somewhere between the government of the United States and the enemies of the United States. In their grandiosity, they see themselves as fulfilling vague and noble purposes. It never seems to dawn on them that they are furthering the purposes of their country's enemies. They are allowed to film just what their government's enemies allow them to film. They dutifully convey their enemies' propaganda. And through the farce they assume that they are presenting facts, unadulterated by political purpose. If they were, the American media's representatives on the ground in Beirut might be dead today. They may see themselves as the intelligence-gathering organization of the universe, but in reality they are the assets of terrorists.

The credulous role of media in Beirut is but one of the reasons that the Reagan Administration did about as well as it could. The terrorists were always free to increase pressure on our diplomats by massaging our media. This dangerous business should end. Inasmuch as our government is constituted to protect our interests and inasmuch as our media frustrate our government's lawful purposes, legislation probably ought to be passed allowing our government to declare the scenes of such incidents as the Beirut kidnapping war zones, off-limits to American media personnel. The government can close off airports to American commercial airlines, why should it not close off war zones to the American news industry?

The other reason for approving of the Administration's policy is that the conservative critics overlook the capacity of America's appeasers to frustrate a resolute policy of force. Even assuming some military geniuses could have gotten our citizens out of Beirut, our appeasers would be hissing with indignation and recriminations for years to come, encouraging more terrorism and vitiating the usefulness of American force. In the early days of the kidnapping these appeasers were already at one with the terrorists in warning against American action and in disdaining those who like George Will were calling for resolute action. Had the Reagan Administration taken more forceful action these dreadful pests would be reinforcing the terrorists' opposition to our policy.

The political and religious violence issuing from the Middle East today represents a new threat to the modern order much as new viruses represent a new threat to modern society. New procedures are obviously required. Neither bombastic threats from the right nor conciliatory cooing from the left will discourage the violence that befell TWA Flight 847. Americans over the years have too often been given to noisy dramatics. The Administration was wise to have remained as reticent as it did. The sounds of American warcraft off Lebanon's shores were sufficiently eloquent. And now what is needed is not presidential heroics, but a very low-key statement from an anonymous diplomat to the effect that death in obscurity awaits those who have killed innocent Americans. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



COWARDLY LIONS

by Tom Bethell

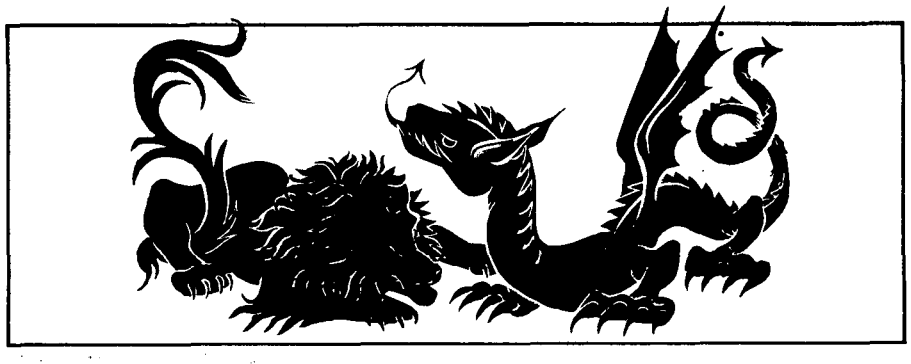
The other day I met Comandante Zero in Congressman Armey's office in the Cannon Office Building. (How about that for a militaristic lead?) Dick Armey, who represents the northern suburbs of Dallas, and was first elected last November, had nothing more alarming than a row of Ludwig Von Mises books on the shelf behind his desk. He was an economics professor and I think he actually reads the books. I see that *Policy Review* calls Comandante Zero, otherwise known as Eden Pastora, a "swashbuckling maverick." That could be. He is also described as "no friend of the West." And that, if I may say so, is a hopeful sign. It suggests a reluctance on his part to sit quietly in George Shultz's hip pocket, like that ingratiating State Department puppet "Napoleon" (ha ha) Duarte. Let us not forget that it is the unofficial policy of the State Department to impose *democratic* socialism wherever it sees the opportunity. This contrasts with the Soviet Union, whose policy is to impose nondemocratic socialism.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

Pastora was wearing a silvery colored suit when he came into Armey's office. He looked pleasant enough, with the build of a boxer. He was in town for the House vote on aid to the "contras" in Nicaragua. (I am told that one should not use the word "contra," because it is short for "counter-revolutionary," as though that were a label to be dreaded.) As we all know by now the aid bill passed, and in fact the well-tailored freedom fighter was sitting in the gallery of the House of Representatives as the voting proceeded.

It always amazes me when these guerrillas come in from the jungle and make the Washington rounds like any other lobbyist. The commies undoubtedly have a price on Pastora's head; there have been several attempts on his life. I suppose Washington is analogous to Switzerland in World War II on these occasions. I actually met the Angolan hero Jonas Savimbi a few years ago at a breakfast meeting in the Mayflower Hotel on Connecticut Avenue. His chief aide and I believe "foreign minister," Jeremias Chitunda, was holding a copy of that day's *Wall Street Journal.* Had he been perusing the stock market pages? I noticed one or two of the leftist journalists present eying him and his capitalist newspaper with grave suspicion, suspecting perhaps that it was South African mining shares he was interested in.

Savimbi had at that point been hiding in the Angolan bush for what—fifteen years? He had been fighting first Portuguese and then Cuban, East German, and Soviet colonials, and here he was having sausage and pancakes at the Mayflower and getting ready to answer hostile questions from the lefty press corps. Their thinking then, as today, was that Savimbi might look all right—he was black and he had on a bush jacket with button-down shoulder flaps, the kind you stick your guerrilla beret under—but the fact is he was fighting Communists. And that made him an anti-Communist. Which was and is a vile gaucherie—the ultimate in bad taste.



(Which reminds me, while in England recently I met the itinerant British journalist Richard West, who had just returned from a trip to Nicaragua. He told me he could scarcely believe the great gullible flock of American leftists in Managua, including a swarm of ideological "reporters." I would demur only to the extent of saying that a good many of these horrors are *not* gullible. They know what they want, they want it badly, and they know they are unlikely to

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be able to get it via democratic politics in the United States. They make the Socialist Internationalists from Europe look like pikers.)

Savimbi looked terrific. Thinking that he might be hungry I tried to press a second helping of pancakes on him but he ate sparingly, even fastidiously. I was my usual pessimistic self and warned him that he would get nowhere in Washington because he was on the wrong side of "the struggle." He knew what I meant, and I was right, unfortunately. He found the State Department doors closed to him. This was in the Carter years.

The difference today, as one is now all too uncomfortably aware with Reagan, is really one of rhetoric rather than action. In 1981 Savimbi came back and had a "private visit" with the Secretary of State, Alexander Haig, but he went away empty-handed.

"Private visit," Henry Allen noted ironically in a terrific piece in the *Washington Post* "Style" section at the time. (In recent years Allen has been one of the very few journalists who have viewed Washington with a sense of literary detachment rather than ideological commitment.) This man got his doctorate in Political Science from Lausanne and his guerrilla warfare training in China, Allen wrote in mock amazement. So why isn't he a cult hero? "Why aren't American college boys trying to join his fight the way they sought out Castro when he was in the Sierra Maestre? Why does he have to move through this murky atmosphere of exile?" I can't resist adding Allen's description of Savimbi, which is as good as anything I've read in Washington:

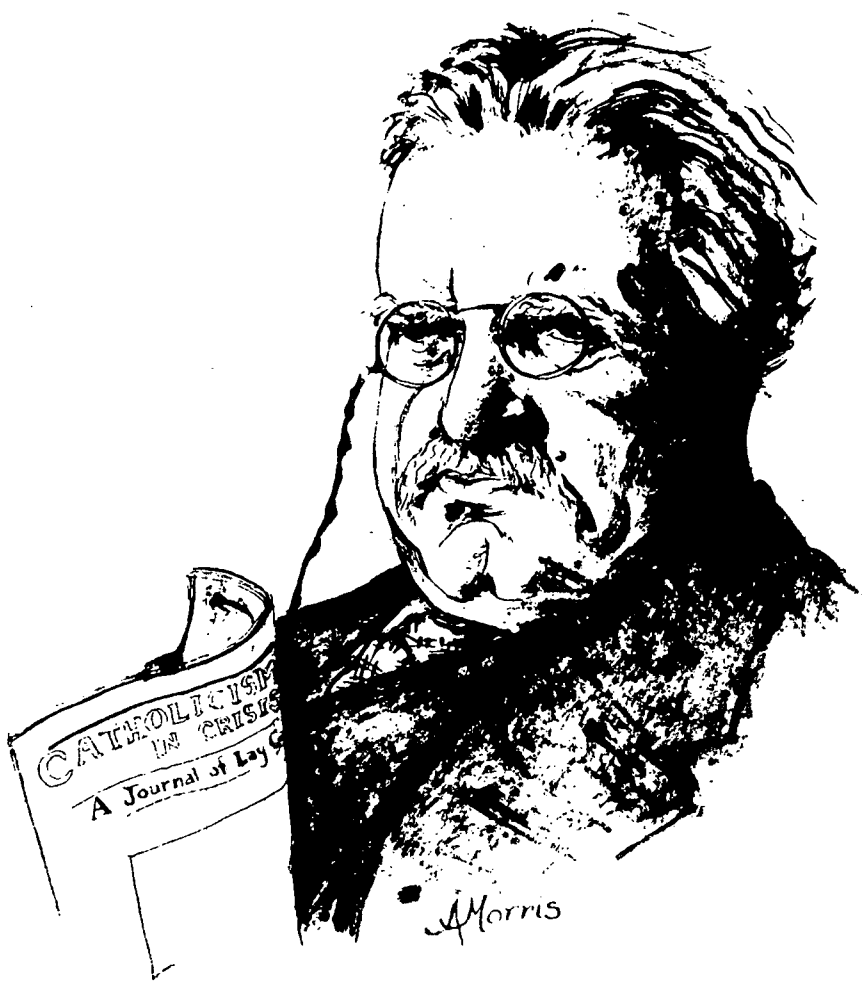
> He achieves total Third World legitimacy with his clothes. Unlike his aides, he does not wear coat and tie. Instead, it's a grey suit with pleated patch pockets on the jacket to give a hint of the military, the struggle. A collarless shirt evokes the proletariat. The black zippered boots are modernity. The fat multi-dial watch is science. The steel-link bracelet is industry. The ring bearing a miniature African mask is nationalism and roots. And the thin black cane he always carries in public is authority.

All very well and good, but it still didn't get him anywhere! Here we are in 1985 and he's still lurking in the bush, his country crawling with cadres from every Communist nation! No doubt Savimbi still pops in to Washington every now and then for a breakfast meeting or two. And Chitunda writes op-ed pieces. But it is still true that anti-Communism is the ultimate gaucherie, and so it doesn't matter how many of the finer points of style he perfects. The press corps and the State Department will still be against him.

You might say that at least Congress has now rescinded the Clark Amendment, which barred U.S. aid to Savimbi. (It was named after Dick Clark, a left-wing senator from Iowa.) Yes, but don't expect U.S. military aid to Savimbi any time soon. It will be resolutely opposed by the State Department whose peculiar policy in southern Africa seems to be calculated above all to minimize Soviet-bloc difficulties in the region. This, by the way, does have a certain logic in view of our participation in negotiations with the Soviet Union in Geneva. The premise of arms control, remember, is that U.S. security is threatened if the Soviets deploy more than a certain number of weapons. And since the Soviets can only be induced (evidently) to reduce this number by negotiation, it follows inexorably that *U.S. security is dependent on Soviet consent* (since that is what is entailed by "agreements"). Why, then, provoke the Soviet wrath needlessly in out-of-the-way places like Angola and Mozambique? If we do they might not consent to our security in the strategic arena.

This I do believe is the unstated basis of State Department policy in southern Africa. (I was about to say Reagan Ad-

DO YOU KNOW ME?



There was a time when I was very well known among Catholics. Thousands read my books. Alas, today few young people would recognize my name, let alone know my work. I now have better things to do with my time than worry about my books. But what saddens me is that the tradition I cherished, and tried so much to be a part of, has often been forgotten along with me.

My, what I would write today if only I could! So many issues desperately need treatment from a Catholic perspective in the tradition of such giants as Acton and Maritain and, dare I say it, even me. That's why I would carry *Catholicism in Crisis* magazine with me everywhere. Nowhere else could I find such a lively collection of insightful commentary, crucial documentation, timely reviews and brilliant essays. And by some of the best of your writers.

Ah, but I envy you. You still have the chance to continue our tradition in such a vigorous age. I'm told all you need do is fill out and mail in the form below. If I were you, I'd do it today.

—G. K. Chesterton

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ministration policy but I really don't think that Reagan has anything to do with it; he is merely the recipient of reports from George Shultz, who is starring in a rerun of the Cowardly Lion.) A few months ago I met Frank Wisner, the deputy assistant secretary of state for African Affairs. Before that he was Jimmy Carter's ambassador to Zambia. He spent the better part of a lunch (at the *Washington Times*) trying to explain State Department policy toward Mozambique—a policy favoring the Communist dictator in that country, Samora Machel. I have never heard anything more muddled and confused than this explanation which contrives to put Reagan on the same side as Fidel Castro and Ted Weiss, the communistic congressman from Manhattan.

At one point I mentioned the Socialist International, and build-a-new-society commie-lovers ensconced in Maputo's rent-controlled high-rise apartments built by the Portuguese. Oh, said Wisner, they're just fuzzy-headed idealists. Fuzzy-headed! These people are *wrong*-headed, but at least they know what they want, namely Communism. The same can't be said for the true fuzzy heads at the State Department, personified by Wisner, who find it very hard to understand that there really are people in this world who believe in something. If we can't get that into our heads and soon, then we don't deserve to survive. That's why I rather admire the Shiites, to tell you the truth, because they really do believe in their religion, even if it is rotten to the core, and they are willing to die for it. How many of us can say the same?

At some point down the road this is probably going to impress itself upon the wimpish minions at Soggy Bottom. Not immediately, of course. It will take a few more ceremonial visits to Andrews Air Force Base; a few more batches of coffins unloaded from military transports; a few more performances of "taps" on the lone bugle; a few more U.S. Marine contingents doing flag-folding duty; a few more tableaux of sobbing relatives; and then one day Shultz will rouse himself and Reagan will come in from the ranch and someone will say: We may think these are fuzzy-headed people—and believe me they are fuzzy-headed—but we must face the fact that these Shiites and Druses, Amals and Hezbollahs and Communists too, they really do believe in things (fuzzy-headed things) and so maybe we are going to have to find some people on our side who believe in things too. And maybe trade concessions and low-interest loans aren't going to work miracles after all. And maybe Melvin Laird and David Rockefeller and Donald Kendall and Armand Hammer, Reagan's emissary and Lenin's friend, aren't quite up to the job.

So is there somebody out there who believes in something? And not just a balanced budget or five-percent GNP growth or free trade or a downtick in the CPI, because people aren't prepared to die for such things. (What about freedom itself? I know someone said "Give me liberty or give me death," but still I wonder.) For God, yes; for country, yes. But nothing less.

Meanwhile the Secretary of State is here to tell us that we shouldn't give military aid to the anti-Vietnamese guerrillas in Cambodia because (get this), "Congress is a very changeable operation. They're in favor of something at one time and then some things can happen and they can change their minds."

With such pusillanimous leadership in the Executive, can anyone blame the Congress for vacillating? What a tragedy that Reagan turned out to be so weak-willed as to turn foreign policy over to people like this—people who do not reflect the country's basic strength. Shultz should call it quits. Bechtel Corp., I am sure, would give him a hero's welcome. □

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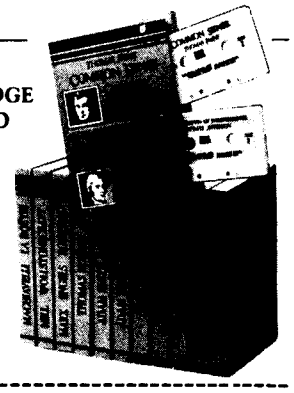

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Micah Morrison

PRIME TIME TERROR

Double-dealing in Washington, dismay in Jerusalem, business as usual in Beirut.

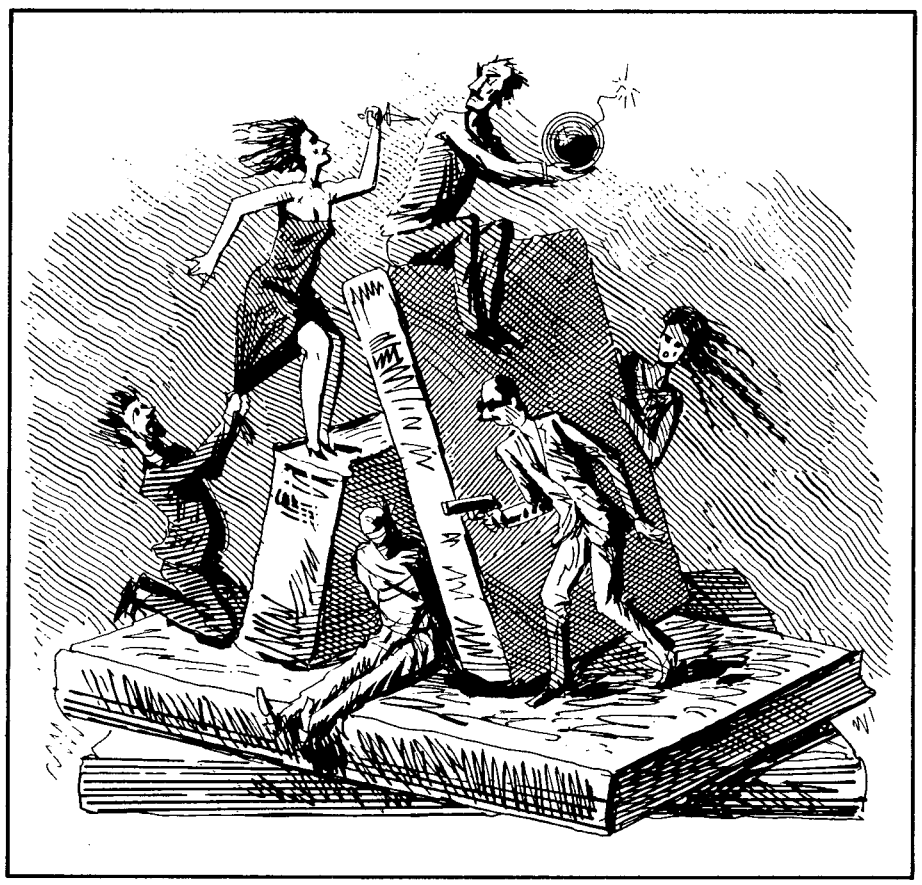
The contour of the story is, of course, still familiar: the hijacking of TWA Flight 847 by Shiite terrorists, the demand that Israel release 700 of their comrades, the threats to kill the hostages, the quick deterioration in relations between Washington and Jerusalem and the subsequent patch-up job. The images, too, are probably still fresh: the pictures of the Boeing 727 stranded on the runway at Beirut International; the faces of weary, frightened Americans speaking to reporters, choosing their words carefully, surrounded by grinning thugs; the Shiite warlord, "Justice Minister" Nabih Berri, leering uneasily into the cameras; and all those talking heads on our television sets, spewing out an endless stream of "expert" advice. But some significant details of the story are perhaps already fading from memory, some of the specifics may already have been forgotten. There are things we should remember.

Specifically, we should remember Robert Dean Stethem, 23, of Maryland. He was six feet tall; he had dark hair and a dark mustache, a strong young man who enjoyed his work as a Navy diver. He was wearing a blue Hawaiian shirt and light blue cotton trousers on the last day of his life. "They dragged him out of his seat, tied his hands and then beat him up," sixteen-year-old Ruth Henderson told reporters in Algiers and London. "I watched as they kicked him in the head, then they kicked him in the face and kneecaps and kept kicking him until they had broken all his ribs. Then they tried to knock him out with the butt of a pistol—they kept hitting him over the head but he was very strong and they couldn't knock him out." At the end, they stuck a pistol behind Robert Dean Stethem's right ear and blew him into oblivion. His body was dumped on the tarmac at Beirut.

Micah Morrison is The American Spectator*'s Israel correspondent.*

Specifically, we should remember the removal of those, as the media rather delicately put it, "with Jewish-sounding names." It was "the most terrible moment" of the ordeal, said one of the women from Flight 847. It reminded her of the selections at Auschwitz. "They were looking for Jews or Israelis," another passenger said. After the passports had been collected, "I heard them calling those passengers one by one: 'You, come here! You come here!' . . . They pushed them off the plane." One of those selected turned to his fellow passengers as the terrorists led him away. "Don't forget us," he said.

Specifically, we should remember the way a small band of professional killers brought the government of the United States of America to its knees for a few days, temporarily drove a wedge between Washington and its firmest Mideast ally, and turned an all-too-willing world media into the bootlicking lackey of international terrorism. It is important to keep these things in mind, not to let them fade into the amnesic haze brought on by next week's horrors, the next hijacking or bombing or famine or massacre or war. There are lessons to be absorbed from the murder of Robert Dean Stethem and from the echo of Nazism implicit in the selection of the "Jews," lessons to be learned about the nature of Mideast conflicts, about the use and abuse (and non-use) of American power, including the technological power of the communications industry, and about our options for the future.



Without question, the hijackers of Flight 847 were professionals. These were not the teenage suicide commandos who drive truck bombs into army posts and embassies, knowing they will go straight to the Gates of Paradise for their glorious acts of martyrdom. (In fact, recent reports from the area indicate that many of the car bombers are aligned with secular, pro-Syrian terror groups. The popular view in southern Lebanon has long been that the young kamikazes are more fired up on drugs than religious fervor when they make their last drive, and that pledges of substantial Syrian-provided financial reward to their families are a strong factor in convincing them to commit suicide.) In many ways Flight 847 represents a perfect case of air piracy: Athens Airport was used because of its lax security and proximity to Beirut; the plane was kept moving to thwart any quick, early rescue attempt; fresh men were brought in to relieve the hijackers; women and children and the elderly were removed from the plane—holding these types of hostages has very negative PR value; a young man was murdered, just to show that the boys meant business; and then the hostages were scattered through a tightly guarded area, effectively ending any chance for a rescue. The hijackers made all the right moves.

In contrast, the Americans seemed to be making all the wrong moves during the first critical hours and days of the crisis. On the operational level, Washington's Delta Force counter-terror outfit simply wasn't close enough to the action. If it were stationed in the Mediterranean region it could, theoretically at least, have mounted a lightning strike against the plane when it first touched down in Algeria. Unless the terror war moves to North Carolina, there's not much sense in stationing Delta Force at Fort Bragg.

But it was at the diplomatic level that the Americans seemed to exceed all natural bounds of incompetence, while in Jerusalem bewildered Israeli officials tried to make sense of U.S. intentions. A small part of the snarl was due to plain bad luck: The most trusted and informed American in Israel, U.S. Am-

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bassador Sam Lewis, had just wound up a lengthy tour of duty, leaving matters in the hands of his relatively inexperienced second-in-command. Yet the base treatment of Israel can hardly be laid at the doorstep of the American Embassy in Tel Aviv—it was Washington that for the first ten days of the crisis led Jerusalem through a crossfire of mixed signals and ambiguous statements. Anger and confusion—was this any way for an ally to act?—began to mount.

"The United States does not know what to do with itself," wrote the center-right daily *Yediot Aharonot* on June 18, four days after the hijack. "It is deterred by Algeria, which blocked U.S. access to the plane; it fears the hijackers' leader, a minister in the Gemayel government; and it is wary of an operation against the hijackers. . . . The U.S. is pinning all its hopes on little Israel to rescue her. If the United States took some action and asked us for assistance—that would be one thing. But to shirk all responsibility and to quiver through and through in hiding while uttering a silent prayer to Israel to bear the entire burden of rescuing the Americans—this is going too far. . . . This approach will ultimately hurt America more than Israel."

Less than a week into the affair, the view from Jerusalem, expressed in numerous "background" comments and journalistic fulminations, was that the White House was tacitly encouraging the American media to put "unofficial" pressure on Israel to release the 700 prisoners. The Israeli media began to run stories about the negative impact of the hostage crisis on U.S. public opinion regarding the Jewish state. Jerusalem tried to calm the situation by instructing its diplomats in the U.S. to turn down all interview requests for the time being.

Israelis were, by and large, dismayed by the American double-dealing. "A cat and mouse game is being played between the United States and Israel," Gideon Samet wrote in the prestigious and, by Israeli standards, rather stuffy center-left *Ha'aretz* newspaper. "The American government has avoided requesting the release of the Shiite prisoners in order not to look as though it's capitulating to terrorism. Israel, justifiably, is awaiting a formal, high-level request before making a decision. This is a situation without precedent in the close friendship between Israel and the U.S. It stems from the special circumstances surrounding the hijacking, but there is also a confluence of frustration between two countries which, over the course of several years, have lost their capacity for deterrence. Having been burned in the past, they're reluctant to take action now."

The commentator pinned the Israeli loss of a "capacity to operate" on the results of the Lebanon war, which he compared to an "enormous rescue operation" in which the army was sent in to "free an entire country from the hands of PLO hijackers." Heavy casualties were sustained in that three-year operation and Israel today is a country traumatized by its still-fresh wounds. America's weakness, in the *Ha'aretz* writer's view, an opinion echoed elsewhere in Israel during the crisis, stems from the Iranian hostage debacle. "The American hostages in Tehran who returned the day President Reagan was sworn in (they were freed in exchange for the release of Iranian deposits in American banks) returned as a symbol of the government's failure to rescue them through different means. America's military pride had already been trampled in the Iranian desert in an embarrassing operation. Since then, Washington has been wracked by the nightmare of weakness in its battle against terror. . . . Conservative American experts and past government leaders (Kissinger, as usual) expressed their belief that the U.S. will overcome its weakness and will do 'something'. . . but that is just wishful thinking about restoring America's capacity to use its strength."

The tactlessness of Rabin's statements did not detract from their truth: The hostages were Americans and they were flying under the protection of the U.S. flag.

The "official" Israeli response to American waffling came in some characteristically blunt comments by Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin in an interview with ABC. Rabin was prime minister during the dramatic rescue of the Air France passengers at Entebbe. In a long and distinguished career in the Israeli army and government, Entebbe is said to be the event Rabin is most proud of—and it was his pride and reputation as one of the tough heroes of Entebbe that was severely battered when, less than a month before the TWA hijacking, he released more than a thousand convicted terrorists in exchange for three soldiers held by a splinter faction of the PLO. Rabin was hurt by the storm of criticism over the swap. The old soldier wasn't about to be lured into appearing weak again.

"Look," he testily replied to the questioner, "let's not play games. . . . If there is a request on the part of the United States [for the release of the Shiites as part of a deal to free the TWA hostages] please come out and say it. . . . The problem is an American problem. The hostages are Americans. They were caught on board an airline which carries the United States flag. The United States government has to make up its mind: What do they want to do? It's first and foremost their decision. I've never tried to avoid responsibility. I've never shrugged off my shoulders the need to make a decision as a prime minister and now as a defense minister, facing terror acts against Israelis. I expect the United States to do the same."

The Israeli press reported that Rabin's remarks "astonished" Secretary Shultz and "angered" President Reagan, but the substance if not the style of delivery was welcomed in Jerusalem. After all, the tactlessness of Rabin's statements did not detract from their truth: The hostages were Americans and they were flying under the protection of the U.S. flag. Once again, America was appearing paralyzed by indecision, and to make matters worse it was slipping into a cowardly and half-hearted attempt to shift some of the responsibility.

Whether as a result of the Rabin flare-up or not, within a few days—by Day 10 of the crisis—officials of the two countries finally got their act together. Letters of mutual support were exchanged, and Israeli officials kindly floated the suggestion that the American wavering was due to the confusion of "mid-level personnel." The left-wing *Al Hamishmar* newspaper reported that the "current trend" in Jerusalem was toward "maximal coordination" with Washington. The crisis was winding to a close. Thirty-one Shiites were released from the Israeli jail at Atlit—government spokesmen insisted that the release had nothing to do with the terrorists' demands, a transparent piece of nonsense—and within a week the Savior From Damascus would step in and the hostages would be winging their way home.

Viewed in relation to the Washington-Jerusalem diplomatic axis, the TWA episode demonstrated the need for better emergency communication channels and procedures. A temporary news blackout and high-level consultations early in the game could have prevented many of the problems that arose between the allies. Viewed, however, in relation to the terrorists and their unwitting accomplices, a news blackout was the last thing they wanted. Jimmy Dell Palmer, the hostage with the bad heart released midway through the crisis, laid his finger right on the pulse of terrorism when he told a radio reporter in London that "the Shiites have achieved their goal. They wanted publicity. They got it."

Boy, did they get it. The world media, and particularly the U.S. television media, transformed little Nabih Berri and the Shiites into major players on the international stage, proving again to terrorists and potential terrorists everywhere that the disgraceful rapaciousness of ratings-hungry television executives and sycophantic TV reporters will guarantee that, at minimum, the messages of terrorism's often sick and twisted causes will gain worldwide attention if a dramatic incident is arranged, media access furnished, and sufficient "color" provided. "You should not be surprised that Americans are still thought of as innocents abroad," an Israeli security official who served in Lebanon told me. "Look at the behavior of your television crews. They run around searching for a story. They hand out more money than many poor Arabs get from a year's work. Suddenly every illiterate Shiite carrying an assault rifle is appearing on the news all over the world. Of course the terrorists are going to prolong the crisis—they are absolutely delighted by all the publicity."

So the world media, allied with Shiite terror, provided a public relations platform that beamed messages to the

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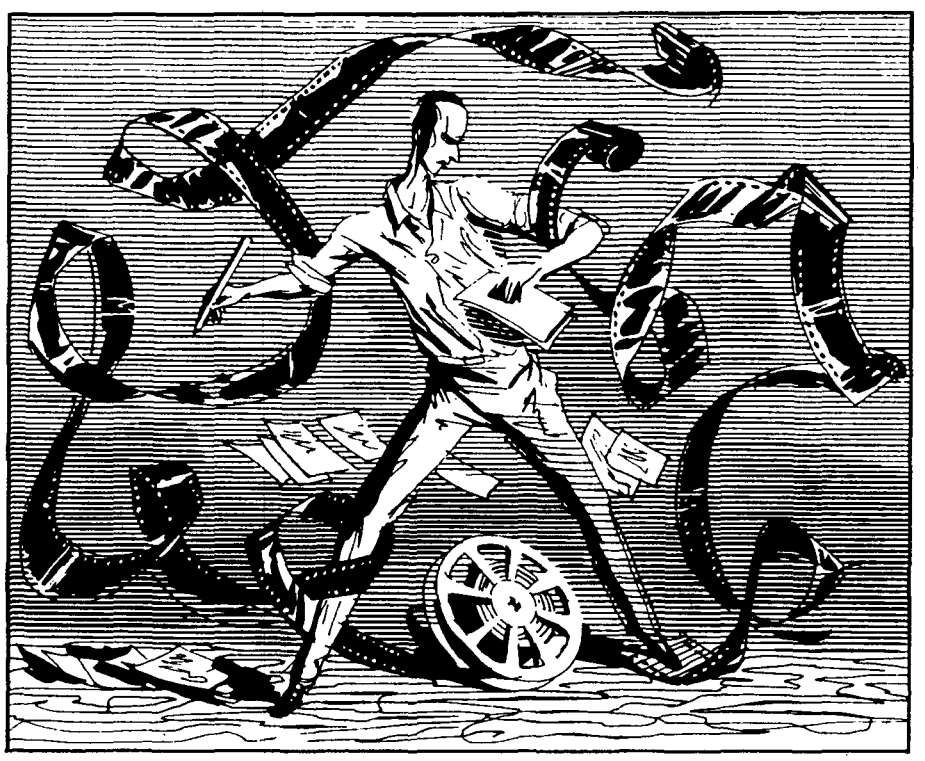
Western world. Yet the TWA hijacking served another important purpose, directed toward the Arab, not the Western, world. For weeks prior to the hijacking, Berri's Amal militia and its allies had been slaughtering Palestinians in the refugee camps around Beirut. The Shiites want to prevent the return of the hated PLO to a position of power in Lebanon. (Oddly enough—or not really so odd when you consider the menacing undercurrents of the Mideast—preventing a PLO return is also a goal shared by Syria and Israel.) The fighting around the camps triggered an angry reaction in many parts of the Arab world, including efforts to convene an Arab League summit to condemn Amal. Kuwaiti newspapers, in a view coinciding with the opinions of some experts in Israel, charged outright that Amal commissioned the hijacking to divert attention from its massacre of Palestinians in the camps. Berri pulled a neat switch here. He not only deflected attention away from the camps, but also gave the media a "good guy" image to play off the nasties holding the plane. Berri was portrayed as a sort of white-hatted Lebanese cowboy riding to the rescue of unfortunate Americans held hostage by mysterious extremists. This total lie was swallowed by many people, although anything more than a cursory glance at a few facts available early in the affair would have indicated something of the degree of Amal's involvement. There was, for example, the hijackers' original demand that four suspected terrorists held in Spain and Greece be released immediately. All four men are or were known members of Amal. There was also the report from several sources identifying the two hijackers as former bodyguards of—guess who? —none other than the minister of justice himself, Nabih Berri.

Some things in Lebanon never change. Whether it was Berri's Amal or one of the dozens of sicko groups operating out of the slums of Beirut that actually pulled off the hijacking, it's clear that Berri cynically manipulated the situation and then, when the hostages departed for Damascus, went back to the pressing business at hand—slaughtering the Palestinians.

Ironically, one of the biggest Arab killers of them all, Hafez Assad of Syria, won much American praise for his "constructive and helpful" role in freeing the hostages. Although there are conflicting opinions about whether Syria had a hand in initiating the hijacking, it certainly could have stopped it sooner. Shiite and other terrorists train in "Terror Academies" in the Syrian-held Lebanese Bekaa Valley, and although the schools are controlled and funded by Iranians working out of the Iranian embassy in Damascus, the area is completely under the thumb of Syrian Intelligence. Nothing moves in or out without Syrian approval. Praising Assad for help in the fight against terrorism is like praising a rabid dog for keeping cats out of the neighborhood. This is the man who ordered the assassination of Lebanese President Amin Gemayel's brother and Druse leader Walid Jumblat's father when they got in his way, who ordered the murder of at least ten thousand citizens in the Syrian city of Hama when the Moslem Brotherhood began to chafe under his dictatorial and corrupt rule, who has imprisoned and tortured untold thousands of Syrians, and who—in an event little noticed during the TWA affair—welcomed an Iranian delegation that had just signed a pact with Libya pledging to terrorize "moderate" Arab countries, annihilate Israel, and strike at U.S. interests in the Arab world.

Indeed, warning signs of a new terrorist offensive are appearing all over Lebanon. "Various terrorist groups are organizing in preparation for future action on a broad scale," cautioned the respected and well-informed military commentator Ze'ev Schiff in *Ha'aretz*. Schiff reports that the Syrians have arranged meetings for the Iranians with extremist Shiite and Palestinian groups in Lebanon, that links between pro-Syrian Palestinians and Shiites are becoming stronger, and that Yasir Arafat is desperately trying to get his al-Fatah men back into the country. The Iranians, writes Schiff, "are investing funds in extremist groups among both the Shiites and the Palestinians, with the motto that all Moslems must organize for the great war against Israel." Arafat, for his part, and despite all the sound and fury about diplomatic initiatives, cannot allow his control of a dwindling PLO to be further diminished by the dramatic terror acts of others—to remain a player among Arab warlords, Arafat must keep his terror options open. Thus the April 20 attempts to land more than twenty al-Fatah terrorists on an Israeli beach. The Israeli navy intercepted the ship and sank it. Prisoners captured in the operation told of being personally briefed by Abu Jihad, one of Arafat's top aides, who ordered them to kill as many people as possible. On other Mideast terror fronts, the underground war between Syria and Jordan and their respective surrogates seems to be heating up, with bombings and assassinations in the Arab world and Europe; car bombings and ambushes continue to plague the Israelis in their narrow security zone on the Israel-Lebanon border; on the Golan Heights, several sabotage incidents have been attributed to a hostile Druse organization; and in Egypt there are numerous reports of a new upsurge in Islamic fundamentalism.

"Look at the behavior of your television crews. They run around searching for a story. They hand out more money than many poor Arabs get from a year's work."



What can be done about threats like this, about terrorism that emanates from no one central source? Tying a yellow ribbon around the old oak tree is not part of the solution; indeed it may be part of the problem in that it sends the wrong message to terrorists. It signals a naive, spineless America, an America that dwells in an atmosphere of appeasement, helpless when confronted by the hooded face of an unknown enemy.

The answer lies in action, intelligent and forceful action. If the United States is serious about stopping terrorism it should go past the rhetoric of a "war on terror" and actually, legally, make a formal declaration of war. In a war you pay the tragic price today with the certainty that tomorrow will be better. How much danger would we face now if the United States and Israel had mounted a commando raid on the TWA jet on the second day of the hijacking, with the simultaneous bombing of selected targets in Beirut, the terror training camps in the Bekaa Valley, the Iranian embassy in Damascus, and terror bases in Libya and South Yemen? A sophisticated, superbly coordinated show of massive force would put a very clear message across: Strike at us once and we will go to the ends of the earth to destroy you.

In a war you impose censorship, which in this case would deny the enemy propaganda outlets. In this respect the media barons in the U.S. might be shamed into borrowing a page from the Israeli book and forming an editors' committee that would exercise voluntary censorship. How much terrorism would there be if the major media institutions agreed to give terrorist incidents only, say, a one-minute spot against a black background on the nightly news, and agreed to bury the story back on page five in a somber, black-bordered box?

It would help, too, if America stationed its counter-terror troops where they are needed. The logical place is Israel. The country has the most experience in dealing with terrorism, it is technologically advanced and strategically located. Much was said in the closing days of the hostage crisis about the special relationship between the United States and Israel, but terrorism drove a wedge between the two allies once and it could do so again. Next time—and there most certainly will be a next time—we must be ready to strike hard and fast. Terrorism has already declared war on democracy, and in this most unusual of wars the democratic nations are going to have to use some pretty tough tactics to fight back. We have no choice. Our future depends on it. □

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Arch Puddington

AFGHANISTAN GOES MONGOLIAN

What a bear hug can do.

At the time of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, many Western observers were quick to draw a parallel to the American experience in Vietnam. The Soviets, it was widely predicted, would soon understand what happens when a Great Power tries to impose its will on a proud and fiercely independent Third World people. While it was acknowledged that Moscow enjoyed an advantageous geographic position for launching its imperialist designs, it was emphasized that through the centuries the Afghans had repulsed numerous foreign intruders despite the country's economic and military backwardness. Given an inhospitable landscape, the Afghan people's hatred of the social rearrangements associated with Communism, and the wild card of Moslem fundamentalism, there was little reason to doubt that Afghanistan would again avoid a colonial or satellized fate.

As events have unfolded over the nearly five years of Soviet occupation, it has become ever more apparent that the Kremlin seriously miscalculated if it expected to bring Afghanistan under firm control with the surgical neatness which marked previous interventions in Eastern Europe. Nonetheless, the accumulated evidence reveals the Vietnam analogy to be glib and inappropriate. Moscow betrays no sign of wearying of the Afghanistan expedition. Kremlin censors have ensured that the Soviet public receives carefully rationed and scrupulously vetted reports on the course of the war, and is told nothing at all about casualty statistics, battlefield setbacks, or the Afghan people's contempt for the invaders and their alien ideology. By moving expeditiously to punish Andrei Sakharov within a month of the intervention, the regime sent an unmistakable warning to the already beleaguered dissident movement, and Soviet dissidents have generally refrained from criticizing the war. Nor has world opinion presented much of a problem. Each year, the U.N. General Assembly ritualistically adopts a resolution condemning "foreign" intervention in Afghanistan, but the sanctions imposed by the U.S. and other democracies have been lifted. More to the point, the blatant Soviet aggression against an Islamic people has scarcely damaged Moscow's relations with the Moslem world, suggesting that in the crunch fear of a determined and brutal superpower weighs more heavily in the world of Islam than ties to oppressed co-religionists.

In one sense, however, a comparison between Vietnam and Afghanistan is valid. Repeatedly during the Vietnam War we were told that the overthrow of the Saigon government and its replacement by a coalition that included the Vietcong would not lead to the Sovietization of South Vietnam. North Vietnamese officials were especially insistent on this point; recall Pham Van Dong's derisive comment that the very idea of the North's annexing the South was "stupid and criminal."

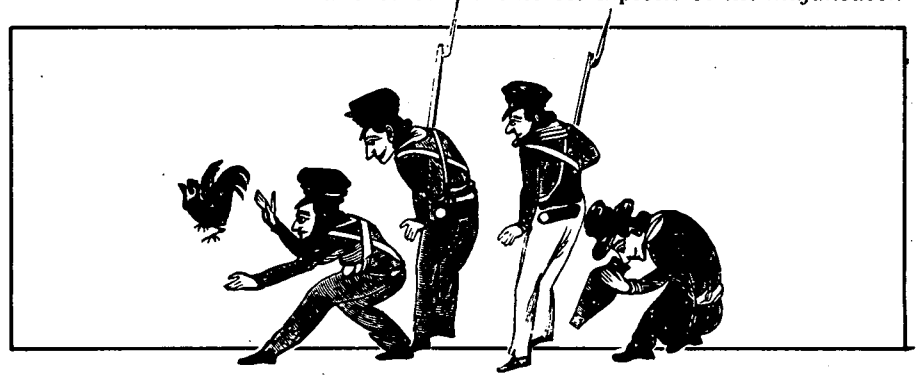
Something similar seems to be under way in Afghanistan. The Soviets, Afghanistan's de facto rulers since the invasion, have been hinting that it is not their intention to transform Afghan society along traditional Communist lines. They would, instead, be amenable to a settlement that ensured the country would be governed by a pro-Soviet, but not necessarily Communist, party or coalition. The West and the indigenous opposition would have to accept the "irreversibility" of certain "reforms" instituted since Afghanistan came under Soviet domination. But if the United States were to withdraw support from the *mujahedeen* and collaborate in pacifying the nation, the Soviets would permit the ensuing government to follow a domestic course in keeping with Afghanistan's traditions and religious sensitivities.

These promises are no more reliable than earlier avowals of pluralism and independence made by the North Vietnamese. In one crucial respect, Afghanistan differs from Vietnam; the central authorities are incapable of enforcing the revolutionary decrees issued from Kabul, whereas the Vietnamese Communists have through the years proved themselves efficient totalitarians. In Afghanistan, then, it is the Soviets who have assumed responsibility for remolding society, an assignment they are carrying out with a crudeness that rivals their battlefield brutality.

It can, in fact, be argued that the Soviets have benefited from the prolonged nature of the war. While a handful of intrepid Western journalists have provided on-the-scene reportage from the countryside, where the bulk of the fighting occurs, journalistic coverage of occupied Afghanistan has of necessity ignored many significant developments. We know something of the heroic exploits of the *mujahedeen* (not to mention the disorganized state of the opposition), of Soviet reprisals against civilians, of mass slaughters of villagers, of carpet bombing and the indiscriminate placing of land mines, of booby-trapped toys that explode in children's hands. But little is known about developments in Kabul, the nerve center of the Soviet operation to transform Afghanistan into yet another outpost of the vast Russian empire. With the exception of a few friendly reporters and academics, the capital city has been closed to intruding Western eyes, and the refashioning of Afghan institutions has effectively proceeded *in camera*.

Afghanistan has thus provided the Soviets with two unique opportunities: The first, to use Afghanistan as a proving ground for new weapons and battlefield techniques; the second, to remake the country's domestic life with the ultimate goal of turning Afghanistan into an appendage of Soviet Central Asia.

To be sure, it is inherently dangerous for an imperialist power to attempt to redesign a foreign culture, and the Soviets have traditionally preferred that domestic change be carried out by local Communists. In Afghanistan, however, this alternative is at present foreclosed. Between April 1978, when the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan (PDPA) seized power, and the December 1979 Soviet invasion, the Afghan Communists succeeded in thoroughly alienating a people that had previously displayed a profound indifference toward any central government. The failure to win popular support, or even grudging acquiescence, was preordained given the PDPA's character. There had not even been a Communist movement in Afghanistan until the 1960s, and at the time of the 1978 coup (popularly known as the April Revolution) membership remained small, by most accounts numbering less than



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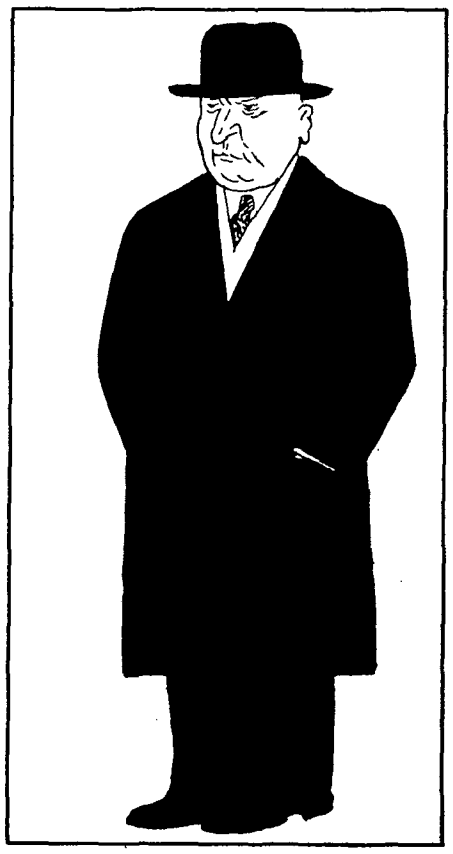
10,000. The party was further divided along factional lines; there were in reality two separate Communist parties, both loyal to the Soviet Union. Moreover, while it is not unusual for Communist party memberships to reflect a narrow segment of society, the PDPA took unrepresentativeness to an extreme; in an overwhelmingly agrarian society, the party drew its strength almost exclusively from the educated urban elite, especially teachers and radicalized students.

The PDPA also exerted disproportionate influence on the Afghan military. Here, in fact, was the key ingredient in the 1978 seizure of power. Since the 1950s, young Afghan officers had regularly been sent to the Soviet Union for advanced training, a policy that in retrospect seems astonishingly foolhardy given Russia's historic designs on Afghan sovereignty. One can hardly condemn the Soviets for taking advantage of this remarkable opportunity; those Afghan officers who exhibited pro-Communist leanings were encouraged, nurtured, and where possible, recruited as Soviet agents. Over the years, a steadily expanding cadre of military men sympathetic to the Soviet system rose to positions of strategic importance within the Afghan armed forces. Ultimately, Soviet patience was rewarded when officers trained on its soil executed the April 1978 coup that first brought Communism to Afghanistan.

Although the ineptitude of Afghanistan's Communists has been much commented on in light of subsequent events, an examination of the PDPA leadership and program suggests numerous parallels with other, more successful Third World Marxist movements. Of the two factions, the Khalq (Masses) was the largest and ideologically most extreme, although less slavishly pro-Soviet than the smaller Parcham (Banner) group. Khalq produced Afghanistan's first two Communist leaders, Nur Mohammed Taraki and Hafizullah Amin; their successor, Babrak Karmal, was a Parchamite. Although exhibiting little grasp of Marxian ideas, Taraki and Amin were great admirers of Lenin and Stalin. These two revolutionary father figures, particularly Stalin, were the role models for the Khalq. Lenin and Stalin had acted with inflexibility in overhauling a stubborn peasant society, a society the Afghan disciples no doubt saw as quite similar to their own. The Khalqis likewise believed that they, Lenin's descendants, could bulldoze through comparable changes in Afghanistan. The secret lay not in the specifics of a program, but in the unrestrained ruthlessness of the party leadership. Thus while the PDPA took pains, at least initially, to camouflage its Communist credentials in deference to local sentiment, in unguarded moments party leaders would refer to the Afghan developments as nothing less than another stage in the Great October Revolution.



Yet even by the expansive standards of Third World Marxism, the PDPA's revolutionary project stands as colossally ambitious, amounting to an immediate, sweeping assault on the most sacrosanct institutions of a tradition-bound society. One of the regime's first acts was to redesign Afghanistan's flag, replacing the Islamic green banner with one that from a distance was indistinguishable from the Soviet red standard. Having thus given insult to Afghanistan's many devout Moslems, the PDPA proceeded next to another sensitive subject: relations between the sexes. Revolutionary Decree Number Seven drastically reduced the bride price, an Afghan custom dating back many centuries. While the emancipation of women would have been a priority of any genuine reform government, regulating the bride price was a monumental blunder. Not only was the bride price engrained in Moslem tradition, it played an economic role by providing insurance for the woman in case of divorce or separation.

The bride price decree established a pattern that was repeated time and again during the brief period of Khalq rule; a social reform would be instituted that alienated all segments of society, including those whose economic or social position the reform was intended to enhance. Consider the peasantry's response to the PDPA's attempt to address the land question. First, the regime issued a decree abolishing usurious lending practices, a seemingly worthy objective; as the policy was carried out, however, the ban proved a disaster. Traditionally, Afghan peasants have relied on credit from money-lenders in purchasing seeds and tools at the start of the planting season. Now credit was no longer available from the usual sources and the government failed to establish a mechanism to replace the private credit market.

The Soviets seem bent on incorporating Afghanistan into their empire, not as a Finlandized, neutral state, but as an extension of the Soviet Union itself.

To compound the growing chaos in the countryside, the regime next issued a sweeping land reform measure and, with maximum crudeness, moved posthaste to implement the new policy. Here in particular the Communists betrayed an almost total ignorance of their own economy. Land reform was based on the usual Marxist premise that the agricultural sector was dominated by a handful of extremely wealthy exploiters. In fact, Afghanistan's agriculture was organized along family and clan lines, with smallholders a much more significant factor than even rich peasants. Heedless of reality, the regime soldiered ahead, determined that the facts should not be permitted to interfere with a revolutionary enterprise. Roving bands of land reform enforcement squads, made up of urban students, were dispatched to the countryside to see to it that the new arrangements were immediately put in place. Predictably, the students encountered resistance; the wealthier landowners opposed the new policies for obvious reasons, and the poorer peasants remained unenthusiastic, having been taught that to accept expropriated property was tantamount to theft and a violation of the Moslem code of justice. Meanwhile, those peasants who did accept expropriated land found themselves in an economically untenable position. While they now owned their own land, they could not farm it since access to credit had been cut off by the usury abolition. The regime's response to the burgeoning rural hostility was true to form: Local notables and large-holders were arrested or killed on the spot. Scattered opposition soon escalated to outright rebellion.

Another Communist target was education. A rural "literacy" crusade was mobilized with the clear aim of indoctrinating illiterate peasants. In the cities, non-Communist teachers were purged or killed, and the curriculum drastically revised to reflect the ideology of the Communist leadership.

It should be noted that in executing their vast project of revolutionary transformation, the Afghan Communists were able to draw upon the fraternal resources of the Soviet bloc. Soviet advisers were established in all the important ministries, and were joined by various experts and consultants from Eastern Europe. East Germany undertook the job of training party cadres and organizing the secret police. Czechoslovakia dispatched a team to improve the country's television system, an important task given the crucial role television was slated to play in the PDPA's propaganda offensive. As reward for achieving one of the Communist world's most impressive food production records, Bulgaria was handed the agriculture portfolio.

The question of what motivated the Soviet decision to launch the fateful invasion has been much discussed, and requires little elaboration here. What should be stressed, however, is that failure to intervene would have surely led to the demise of Communism in Afghanistan and the triumph of a governing coalition that, unlike prior non-Communist governments, would have viewed the Soviet Union with overt hostility. We would, in other words, have witnessed the first rollback of the Soviet empire, and without the assistance of a foreign power at that. Certainly security concerns figured in the invasion decision, but political fears—above all the fear of a humiliating violation of the Brezhnev Doctrine—were uppermost in the Politburo's mind when it gave the signal to take military action.

If the Soviets intervened primarily to prevent Afghanistan from abandoning the Communist path, it then becomes inconceivable that such extreme measures were undertaken simply to prevent the government from falling into the hands of religious fundamentalists. Rather, the Soviets seem bent on incorporating Afghanistan into their empire, not as a Finlandized, neutral state, but as an extension of the Soviet Union itself. To accomplish this admittedly large task requires the institution of some form of Communism, albeit one that differs somewhat from the

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failed Khalq version. This time around, it would be the Soviets themselves who would dictate the specifics of "Communist construction." Not surprisingly, Moscow has proceeded much more shrewdly than its slow-witted Afghan pupils. The Soviets leave nothing to chance; they run the ministries, and the Afghans serve as advisers (if the Soviets choose to listen to them at all). The Soviets issue decrees; Afghans carry them out. And if the Afghans are not up to the task, the Soviets carry out their own directives.

The first actions of the post-invasion regime were intended to defuse the hostility of the religious leadership. The Kremlin-installed regime of Babrak Karmal redesigned the flag as part of a strategy to placate the mullahs. Party leaders prefaced their remarks with religious invocations and issued declarations emphasizing the Moslem nature of the government. At the same time, the Soviets launched a campaign to identify and reward potentially sympathetic clergymen. Delegations of friendly mullahs have been sent to the various Soviet Asian republics, where they study agricultural techniques. Photographs of Afghan religious figures praying in Soviet mosques are prominently featured in the Kabul press; these clerics, it is hoped, will collaborate in the creation of a captive church similar to the controlled and self-censored religious bodies that have evolved in the USSR.

Changes were also made in the land reform program, and when these failed to mollify the peasants, land reform was effectively jettisoned, at least for the time being. Political prisoners were also released; this gesture, however, had the unforeseen consequence of further embittering the populace, as it now became public knowledge that a high percentage of those jailed during the Khalq reign of terror had been secretly executed.

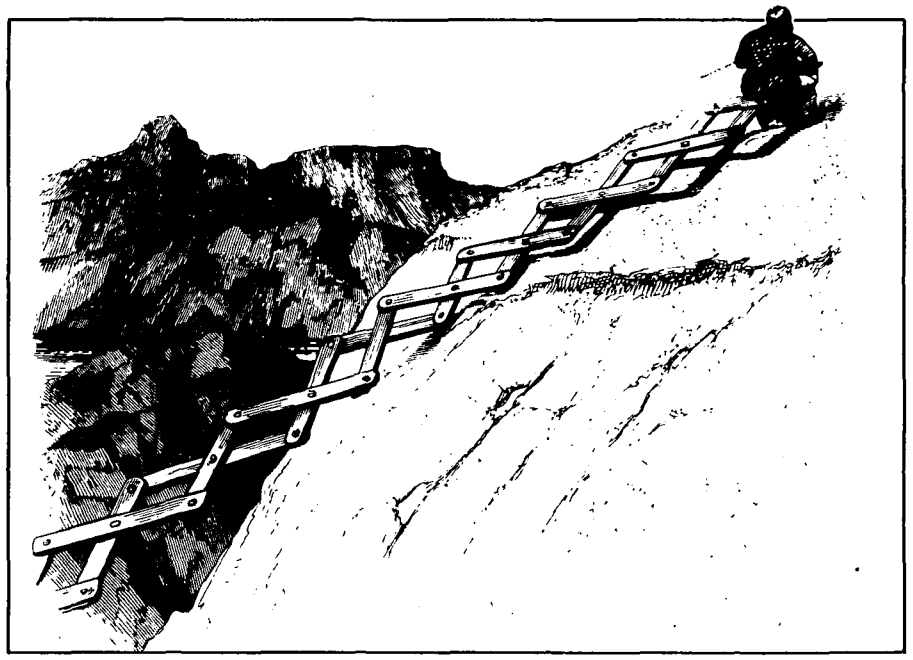
Perhaps the most important—and insidious—dimension of Soviet strategy is a carefully plotted offensive against Afghan culture. Under Soviet guidance, a campaign to rewrite history and reshape the educational system had been inaugurated shortly after the April Revolution. For example, a course on Moslem art that had been offered at Kabul University for many years was abolished; it was replaced by such subjects as dialectical materialism, the history of the international workers' movement, and the history of Cuba. Since surviving Afghan scholars were ill-equipped to teach these subjects, Soviet academics were imported to succeed those teachers who had been purged, executed, or sent into exile. Emigré sources claim that 70 percent of the pre-1978 university faculty is no longer associated with the university, an estimate borne out by the government, which announced that by 1983 60 percent of Kabul University positions were filled by teachers from "socialist countries." These visiting scholars have been joined on the faculties by patently unqualified Afghans—journalists, propagandists, and semi-literate relatives of the political leadership.

Many of the Soviet teachers are either unable or unwilling to address their classes in languages familiar to the Afghans; rather, they lecture in Russian through interpreters. The Soviets have also supplied new history textbooks, which stress that even under the czars Russia was the only country Afghanistan could depend on for friendly relations, an arrant fabrication given that Russia had repeatedly invaded the country in the nineteenth century (and three additional times in this century).

A course on Moslem art at Kabul University was replaced by such subjects as dialectical materialism, the history of the international workers' movement, and the history of Cuba.

In addition to faculty purges and curriculum "reforms," the Soviets employ more direct techniques in an effort to inculcate sympathy for Communism among Afghanistan's urban youth. Persuasion and indoctrination are the preferred methods. But where the soft approach proves insufficient, the Soviets do not hesitate to use bribery and punishment. Considerable pressure is brought to bear on high school students to join the PDPA's youth arm; as inducements, party members invariably receive the highest marks and are given preference in university admissions. Student loyalists are also used as spies with orders to report politically incorrect statements of teachers and fellow students to the secret police. Some implications of this practice can be drawn from the following episode: During a discussion of the Sabra and Shatila massacre, an impertinent high school student asked why they were dealing with events in faraway Lebanon given that their own country was being similarly persecuted. He was subsequently jailed for four months and released only after signing a document pledging henceforth to refrain from speaking during class.

The scrupulous attention paid by the Soviets to Afghanistan's young is not limited to the current generation of high school and university students, but extends to very young children as well. A project by the KHAD, the Afghan secret police, takes children orphaned during the war and raises them to become good Communists. This repulsive endeavor is obviously patterned on past experience of the Soviet secret police, which first began to sponsor orphanages during the Russian Revolution and ensuing civil war. The KHAD, apparently in 1981, sponsored the construction of an orphanage in Kabul initially designed for the children of KHAD agents killed during forays against opponents of the regime. The orphanage, and others subsequently opened, now serve all children orphaned by the fighting, a group said to include children of the *mujahedeen*. As one observer noted, these homes amount to "a mechanism for the regime's self-perpetuation, the creation of a pool of loyal, obedient cadres, who may go on to hold important posts in the state bureaucracy."



To supplement the educational efforts of the Afghan secret police, the Soviets themselves have initiated an ambitious program to train the best and brightest of the coming generation of Afghan students. In 1983 it was announced that 12,000 university-age students had been sent to the USSR for the purpose of "study," a number more than twice as large as the decimated enrollment at Kabul University. No matter how much the students may detest the Soviets, participation in this "exchange program" carries an all-important benefit: It enables the student to avoid military conscription. Western diplomats have further reported that thousands of very small children have been dispatched to Soviet Central Asia, many against their parents' wishes. There the students are to become familiarized with Communism and the Soviet way of life. The Soviets seem to be treating the indoctrination of these children as a long-term project, since it is reported that the children will remain in the USSR for up to ten years.

Their schooling involves much more than Marxian dialectics and the intricacies of collectivized farming. At least some are given military training, and then returned to their native land to serve as spies or even to undertake terrorist operations against their countrymen. A British citizen interviewed one such child-agent near Urgun, a Soviet-occupied town:

> The boy said he had been taken from his parents a year ago and flown with 200 other children to a Soviet town. He was given a Soviet foster mother, lectured in Marxism, given firearms training and taught how to infiltrate rebel camps and direct Soviet bombers to their targets by lighting fires. . . . When he returned to Afghanistan, he was taken in as an orphan at a rebel base. . . . Maiem demonstrated his skill with a captured Soviet 9mm automatic pistol and said he had been trained to use Soviet TT pistols.

Indoctrination of the young is now the centerpiece of a strategy to create a more hospitable environment for Communism in Afghanistan. Will it succeed? A persuasive case can be made that the Afghan people will never accept Communism. The regimentation inherent in Communism is alien to the Afghan way of life, and the Afghans will not soon forget the thousands upon thousands of their people killed or exiled as a direct consequence of the invasion. But whereas Soviet chances of winning over the older generation are remote, one should not dismiss Marxism's appeal to young Third World elites. Americans may not be impressed by the economic

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and social welfare advances achieved by the Soviets in their own country, but students from underdeveloped countries are often awe-struck by the factories, schools, and hospitals they are shown. More to the point, the Soviet system, with its massive bureaucracy, offers its university graduates the sort of employment and prestige not to be found in Third World societies. There is a seductive power in the proposition that under Communism the future belongs to the young. Nor should we underestimate the allure of being on the same side as the big battalions.

Another dimension of the Soviet strategy to emerge in recent years is a growing inclination to annex this unruly neighbor. Although it is considered highly unlikely that Moscow would formally incorporate Afghanistan as a Soviet republic, some believe that the Kremlin is weighing a Mongolian solution, whereby, like Mongolia, Afghanistan would be allowed to retain nominal independence while in reality surrendering sovereignty to the Soviets. Already Soviet specialists on Afghanistan have begun to work closely with experts on Mongolia, an ominous development given other Soviet initiatives, such as projecting the image of Russia as the only guarantor of Afghan independence. More worrisome is the cynical exploitation of the discontents—real or imagined—of Afghanistan's myriad national minorities. Bogus census figures have been published that exaggerate the size of precisely those groups which also have a sizable population in Soviet Asia. Before the April Revolution, so the line goes, these and other minority groups were persecuted or ignored by the central government in Kabul; only since the Revolution have they been dealt with fairly. Whereas in the Soviet Union steps are taken to discourage the use of minority languages, in Afghanistan an opposite policy is followed. Each nationality is encouraged to use its own tongue, and it is furthermore argued that there never really existed a national, dominant Afghan language. Eventually, it is hoped, Russian will be adopted as the country's *lingua franca*, and the Russian language is already a required course in the schools and universities. The next and ultimate step will be to convince the Afghan people that not only was there never an Afghan language, but in fact there was never a unified Afghan nation.

Afghanistan's plight brings to mind Trotsky's comment about the ill luck of twentieth-century people who wish for quiet lives. The Afghan freedom fighters are today struggling for nothing more than the right to be left alone. Unlike other people faced with Communist aggression, the Afghans have fought back; the resistance ranks as one of the most impressive national uprisings of our time, and stands in stark contrast to the multitude of Third World groupings which have fraudulently expropriated the title "liberation movement." Ironically and tragically, resistance has also probably ensured a more complete destruction of the Afghan way of life than would otherwise have been the case. The indigenous Communists would never have succeeded in totalitarianizing Afghan society; the Soviets, on the other hand, have decades of experience in forcing recalcitrant societies to bend to their will.

For Afghanistan to avoid a Sovietized fate will require decisive action from the United States and the rest of the democratic world. The *mujahedeen*, courageous fighters that they are, cannot do the job alone. America has a special responsibility towards Afghanistan, having acceded to the original April 1978 Communist coup without a murmur of protest. Carter Administration officials characterized Taraki, Amin, and the other Khalq leaders as "more nationalist than Communist," an attitude resoundingly en-

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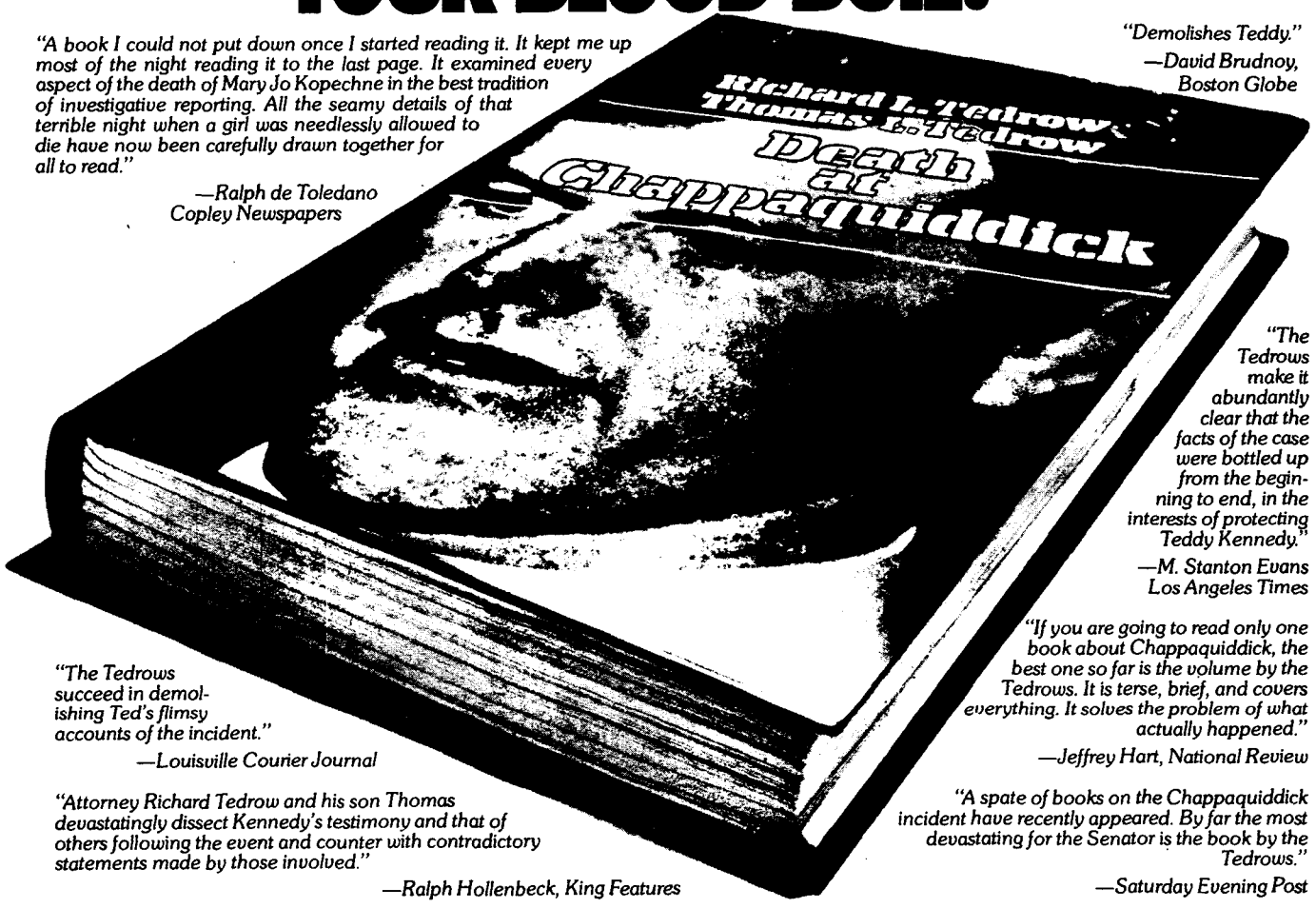

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dorsed by the *New York Times*. Declared the *Times*: "A decade ago, a Communist gain anywhere would have been felt as a distinct loss for Washington. Most Americans now recognize that the world is more complicated." This initial misreading of the nature of the PDPA served largely to embolden the regime, which concluded, correctly, that radical changes could be introduced without fear of Western reprisals.

The situation has little improved under President Reagan. The praiseworthy sanctions adopted by Carter have been lifted. Perhaps more significantly, the Administration has failed to make Soviet disengagement a priority of its foreign policy.

One can sympathize with the Administration's predicament, given the many crises that compete for attention and the lack of allied enthusiasm for a policy that challenges Soviet imperial aims. Yet one would have expected more from an Administration that has insistently drawn the essential distinction between totalitarianism and traditional authoritarian dictatorships. The Soviet plan for Afghanistan is not merely to add another country to its sphere of influence, but rather to disrupt traditional patterns of behavior, to set group against group, and to destroy the network of traditional relationships that bound Afghanistan together. In no country in the world, not even Nicaragua, is the threat of a totalitarian future so imminent. □

Vic Gold

REMEMBERING THE KINGFISH

Why weep or slumber, America?

Who built the highway to Baton Rouge?
Who put up the hospital and built your schools?
Who looks after shit-kickers like you?
The Kingfish do.
It's the Kingfish, Kingfish,
Friend of the working man,
Kingfish, Kingfish,
The Kingfish gonna save this land.
—Randy Newman
(Warner Bros. Records, 1974)

Speaking of memorable dates—as who isn't in this year of commemorative excess?—September 10 will mark the 50th anniversary of the death of the most dynamic American politician of the twentieth century. Alternative historians, take note: It was on that day in 1935 that the Kingfish—Senator Huey Pierce Long of Louisiana—died, thirty hours after having been shot while leaving the marbled state Capitol he built, and which still stands, in Baton Rouge.

I was only six years old at the time, but well remember the last news photo taken of Huey, which appeared on the front page of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* the morning after the shooting. It showed him perched, arms akimbo, against the Speaker's rostrum in the Louisiana House. He was open-coated in his white double-breasted summer suit, with a Kingfish-cocky grin on his face as he put the legislature through its paces in a special session.

That was the way Huey had run the state when he was governor, and so long as the trains traveled from Washington to Louisiana and back, it was the way he would run it as United States Senator. "Now this bill here," he would explain, urging passage of a particular piece of legislation, "is just good government." And the House would pass it, no further explanation needed. As for the sitting governor—a hand-picked surrogate aptly named O.K. Allen—whatever the Kingfish wanted, the Kingfish got. "A leaf flew in the window of O.K.'s office," a critic of good government once commented. "He signed it." Intended as a dig at Huey's iron-fisted control of state politics, the remark was taken as a side-splitter, because most folks in Louisiana wanted things run that way in those days. Louisiana, by god, was Huey Long's domain, his fiefdom, his base of operations for the Great Campaign to come, the one to save this land. "I may be the smartest politician in the country," the Kingfish told a Washington reporter. "I know damn well I'm the smartest in Loozyana."

In the spring of 1935, Huey wrote a book titled *My First Days in the White House*. Wrote it himself, no ghosts needed. A few years before, he had written the lyrics to his political anthem, "Every Man a King." I remember the song blaring through the family Philco as a prelude to his radio talks.

"Folks," he would begin, "this is the Kingfish. Now before I get into my speech tonight, do your neighbors a favor. Open a window or go next door and tell 'em Huey Long is on the air and he has something to say they ought to hear." Then the Kingfish would pass time telling a story—maybe the one about LeJeune the Cajun and the drowning drummer—before launching into one of his hell-raising spiels against Wall Street.

But first came the song:

Why weep or slumber, America,
Land of brave and true?
With castles and clothing and food for all,
All belongs to you.
Every man a King, every man a King,
For you can be a millionaire . . .

Oh yeah, as Huey's younger brother Earl used to say, the Kingfish knew how to work a crowd, in person or by radio. He knew the words and music that folks wanted to hear those Depression years, not only in populist Louisiana but in populist Peoria. By 1935—only two years after arriving in Washington—he was more than a regional phenomenon, he was a national figure. A secret poll taken by the Roosevelt White House showed that the Kingfish, running as a third party candidate in 1936, could siphon off enough Democratic votes to elect a Republican President. And according to the poll, Huey's "Share Our Wealth" program had as many prospective

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voters in the industrial cities of the East as it did in the rural South and Midwest.

That was about the way the Kingfish had it figured, too. He saw 1936 as his first time around, just as he had run for governor in 1924 and lost. Then, in 1940, he would run for the presidency and win, just as he had done in Louisiana in 1928. And then . . .

My First Days in the White House was Huey's projection of how, as President, he would bring to Washington the same principles of governance he had brought to Baton Rouge. Were there hard times in weeping, slumbering America? Just leave everything to the Kingfish. Hadn't he said, "If it weren't for being part of the United States, Louisiana would never have known a Depression"? Oh yeah. If anybody knew how to dry those tears and wake the sleeping giant, it was the Kingfish:

CHAPTER 1

It has happened. The people had endorsed my plan for the redistribution of the wealth and I was President of the United States. I had just sworn upon the Bible . . . to uphold the Constitution and to defend my country against all enemies, foreign and domestic. Yet standing there on the flag-draped platform erected above the East Portico of the Capitol, delivering my inaugural address, it all seemed unreal. I felt I was dreaming. The great campaign which was destined to save America from Communism and Fascism was history. Other politicians had promised to re-make America; I had promised to sustain it.

Keep in mind, those were the words of a first-term senator, a mere back-bench Democrat from a backwater state. We now live in purportedly free-spirited times, but can one imagine even a tenured senator with known presidential ambitions—say, a Gary Hart or a Bill Bradley—publishing that sort of scenario? Not on your high-tech, button-down life. But such was Huey Long's style: cornpone and chutzpah. He was brash, pushy, disdainful of the Establishment; which meant not just the established structure, but the established way of doing things. He had taken on, and whipped, the Baton Rouge crowd; he would take on, and whip, the Washington crowd.

Not that there wouldn't be a proper place in a Long Administration for an ex-President of Franklin Roosevelt's stature. The former President would become Huey's Secretary of the Navy. And there would be a place for Roosevelt's predecessor as well. Other Democrats could scorn Herbert Hoover, but the Kingfish would make room for him in the Cabinet—as Secretary of Commerce.

Oh, that Huey. He really knew how to cut the high-and-mighty down to size. But *My First Days* (published, as history would have it, after the author's death) wasn't written simply as an exercise in political whimsy. Rather, it was the calculated ploy of an outlander who had come to Washington both unawed and certain of his mission; an anti-Establishmentarian who had nothing but contempt for the Senate Club and who, at age 42, envisaged an American future that would one day find him perched against the Speaker's rostrum in the U.S. House, putting Congress through its paces.

Huey was crude. There is no denying it. He fancied silk pajamas and gave lessons in the proper mixing of a Ramos Gin Fizz, but two drinks and he was just another coarse redneck come to the big city. Impatient to get to the men's urinal in a Long Island night club, he tried to finesse the matter through the legs of the man in front of him. The effort cost him a much-publicized black eye, but his populist constituency was understanding. Out in the fields, when you gotta go, you gotta go.

On a higher plateau of expediency, however, the Kingfish could not be charged with the meaner crudity associated with Southern populists like Mississippi's Theo Bilbo and Georgia's Gene Talmadge. He did not ply the politics of race. On the contrary, considering the standards of his time and region, he was a moderate on the issue. Asked by a newsman how he would treat Negroes if elected President, he replied, "Treat them the same as anybody else, give them an opportunity to make a living." He despised the Ku Klux Klan, and when informed that the Imperial Wizard planned to come to Louisiana for a speaking engagement, the Kingfish called a special press conference to tell reporters that "that Imperial bastard will never set foot in Louisiana, and . . . when I call him a son-of-a-bitch I am not using profanity, but am referring to the circumstances of his birth." If the Wizard did venture into the land of the Kingfish, warned Huey, he would leave it with "his toes turned up."

Crude, crude, crude. On being served a gourmet dish at *haute cuisine* Antoine's in New Orleans, Huey forked a

END OF THE LINE

Huey Long ran baleful eyes over a roomful of his political cronies one day and concluded that they were a venal lot and that if anything ever happened to him they would all end up in prison. The Kingfish was nothing if not an astute judge of the frailties of human nature. Four years after his death a dozen top members of the Long organization were indicted and convicted on charges ranging from misappropriation of state funds to mail fraud. Governor Richard Leche resigned and was sent to jail after contributing to American political folklore the unique defense that "when I took the oath as governor, I didn't take any vow of poverty"; and Dr. James Monroe Smith, president of Huey's beloved state university, had to be extradited from Canada after using official bonds as collateral on the commodities market.

The difference between Louisiana corruption and corruption elsewhere, T. Harry Williams observed, is that in Louisiana it is done with *style*. Fortunately for the Long machine, however, Huey's brother Earl—immortalized by A.J. Liebling's *The Earl of Louisiana*—had no style whatsoever. A man of simple tastes, he enjoyed politics for politics' sake, and despite numerous grand jury investigations into his conduct of the lieutenant governor's office under Leche, Earl survived the grand jury purge untouched. He ran for governor in 1940, defending Huey's choice of cronies by appealing to the voters' Christian spirit: "Jesus himself picked twelve men," Earl pointed out. "Could He help it if one of 'em was a son-of-a-bitch?"

In reply, Earl's opponents argued that although he was unindicted, as lieutenant governor in a corrupt regime he was either (1) guilty of graft and didn't deserve election, or (2) too stupid to know what was going on. A reform candidate, Sam Jones—"High Hat Sam," as Earl saw him—was swept into office, followed four years later by another anti-Long governor, country singer Jimmie ("You Are My Sunshine") Davis. After eight years out of power, it appeared that the Long machine was finished.

But Earl Long, though he lacked his brother's genius, had a populist flair of his own. In 1948 it proved irresistible to Louisianians, bored with nearly a decade of reformism. Elected governor that year, Earl celebrated his victory on election night by drinking beer and spitting on an outspread copy of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, one of "them lyin' newspapers." (Populism and the news media, history bears out, have never seen eye-to-eye.) Thus, thirteen years after Huey, the dynasty was revived.

Earl's first official act as governor-elect was to name Huey's son Russell his executive assistant in Baton Rouge. Then, after the death of Louisiana's senior U.S. senator, John Overton, Russell, though not yet 30 years old, ran for the seat in 1950, with Uncle Earl's support. Russell won by 10,000 votes, a slim margin said by his opponent to be tainted with fraud. Noting that he received only 75 votes in one parish, the opponent told reporters that he had more than 75 personal friends there. "That's politics for you," replied Earl. "One day you got friends, the next day you don't."

Russell Long came to Washington with his father's reputation still fresh in the minds of some of his Senate colleagues; but though the son shared a remarkable physical resemblance to the father, he set out early to prove that he was no Little Kingfish. Where Huey had fought the "moneyed interests" and disdained the Senate Club, Russell became one of the oil & gas establishment's most powerful congressional spokesmen, and rose through the ranks as a certified Club member. Times had changed; but more to the point, Russell, who had been brought up as a privileged child of affluence, did not share his father's dirt farm hunger; only his father's shrewd talent for political manipulation.

Earl Long died in 1962, vindicated at the polls after his eccentric conduct as governor had led his wife and nephew Russell to commit him to a Texas sanitarium. Running for a congressional seat—he could not succeed himself as governor—Earl told voters how he had escaped the sanitarium, foiled the nefarious plot of his wife and nephew, and stood ready to go to Washington to carry on the *real* Long tradition. "If I'm nuts now," Earl argued with relentless logic, "then I've always been nuts." He was elected—but, regrettably, passed on before he had the chance to enliven the Washington social scene.

The seat left vacant by Earl was filled by a distant cousin, Gillis Long, then by another distant cousin, Speedy, then by Gillis again. When Gillis died in January of this year, he was succeeded by his wife, Cathy. Shortly after Gillis's death, Russell, who has no offspring, announced that he would not run for re-election next year.

So ends the Long dynasty. But the tradition continues, metaphysically if not genealogically. Even as this is written, the governor of Louisiana awaits trial for alleged misuse of his office for personal gain. To be sure, venality—at least in such brazen, clumsy form—was never a Long political characteristic. But Governor Edwin Edwards has nevertheless studied Huey's book: He blames all his troubles on Washington, rich folks, and the lyin' media. —*V.G.*

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bay leaf, held it up, and asked the waiter, "What's this wood? Bring me a steak." And when the commander of a visiting German cruiser dropped by his Roosevelt Hotel suite to 'pay respects, the Kingfish greeted him in green pajamas covered with a red and blue lounging robe. The German consul was outraged. "My country," he said afterward, "has been insulted." Huey was nonplussed. "Hell of a note," he was reported as replying. "It looks like war between Germany and Loozyana."

It was incidents like that—crude, yes, but audacious—that set Huey Long apart from other politicians, and forever defined, for me, the term "populist"; which is why, let me confess, I am less than impressed with contemporary politicians and would-be movement leaders who would claim the label for themselves. Populism, for anyone who remembers the original article, was as much a matter of political style as substance. And that style embraced a willingness (if not eagerness) to be less than "respectable" in the eyes of a critical press, to risk giving offense to Establishment sensibilities. None of the so-called "neo-populists" on today's political scene—given their propensity for button-down shirts and furrow-browed lectures on macroeconomics—even comes close.

• • •

The Boss regarded the fine paneling of the closed door for a couple of minutes. Then he said, "You know what Lincoln said?"

"What?" I asked.

"He said a house divided against itself cannot stand. Well, he was wrong."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," the Boss said, "for this government is sure half slave and half son-of-a-bitch, and it is standing."

"Which is which?" I asked.

"Slaves down at the legislature, and the sons-of-bitches up here," he said. And added, "Only sometimes they overlap."

—Robert Penn Warren
All the King's Men

In this age of docudrama, in which art and life are scripted to overlap in prime-time network mini-series, it would figure that when the name Huey Long is mentioned to some member of the under-40 generation the usual response is, "Right, I've read the book (or seen the movie)." Meaning not T. Harry Williams's definitive biography of the Kingfish, but Robert Penn Warren's novel. Indeed, the fictional voice of Warren's protagonist, Willie Stark—the Boss—resonates with that of the real Kingfish, and his rise and fall closely parallel Huey's, right down to being assassinated in the state Capitol by an idealistic doctor. "Why did he do it to me?" asks Willie; virtually the same words that Williams attributes to the Kingfish as he was being rushed to the hospital in Baton Rouge: "I wonder why he shot me?"

The wonder, really, is that Huey should have wondered. For years he had constantly talked about threats to his life and compulsively carried with him a retinue of bulky, gun-toting bodyguards for protection. Only two months before his death he had taken the Senate floor to announce he had uncovered a plot to kill him. "Does anyone doubt," he asked his fellow Senators, with rhetorical flourish, "that President Roosevelt would pardon the man who rid the country of Huey Long?"

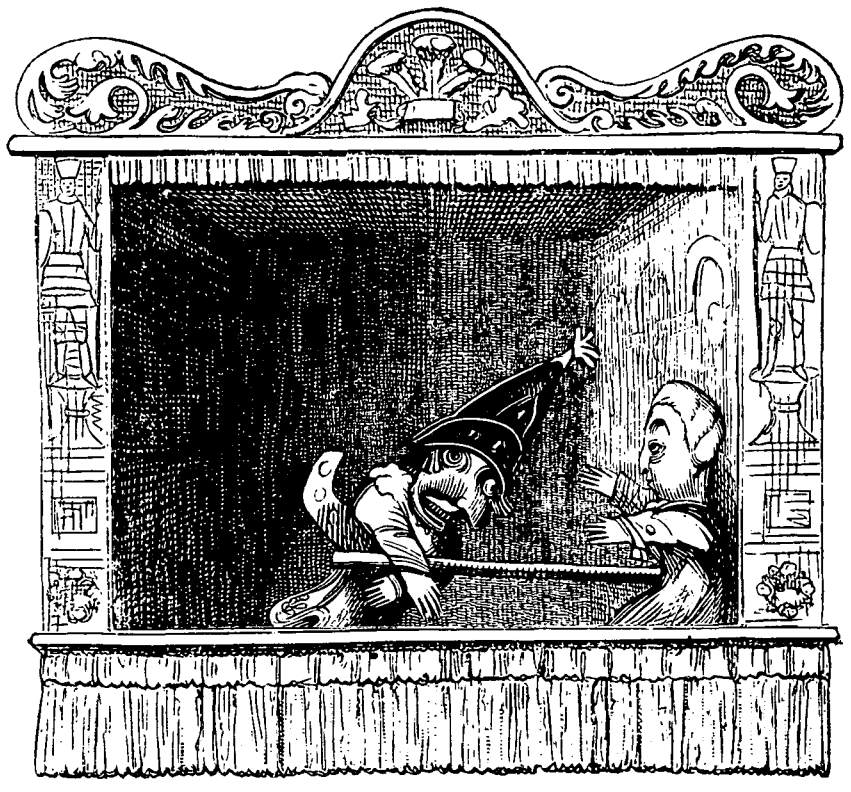
In the event, Huey's assassin was riddled beyond hope of any presidential pardon, real or imagined. No fewer than fifty-nine bullet holes were found in the body of Dr. Carl Austin Weiss. In their frenzy, Huey's bodyguards thus silenced the only voice that might have answered, with certainty, Huey's last question.

"Does anyone doubt," he asked his fellow Senators, with rhetorical flourish, "that President Roosevelt would pardon the man who rid the country of Huey Long?"

The most reasonable theory advanced for Weiss's action at the time, and fifty years later, holds that the Baton Rouge doctor shot the Kingfish for personal, if idealistic reasons. Weiss's father-in-law was Judge Benjamin Pavy, an independent state jurist who had given the Long machine problems over the years. Pavy was up for reappointment to the bench, and the machine, which preferred pliant judges who owed their tenure to Huey's patronage, had marked him for early retirement. So Weiss took matters into his own hands.

Or so the theory goes. It makes as much sense as any assassination theory, yet to this day Huey's son Russell believes that Weiss did not act alone, motivated by a personal grievance, but as part of a larger conspiracy. Whose conspiracy? Russell won't say. However, there are several schools of thought on the subject in Louisiana, a state whose Byzantine politics lends itself to conspiracy theories. One school has it that Huey was eliminated by his longtime enemies, the old state political ring. A more ambitious theory holds that the orders to kill Huey came from Franklin D. Roosevelt himself; an unbelievable postulation, unless one has spent enough time in the state to appreciate what Louisianians, then and now, are capable of ingesting as truth.

The prime example of that credulity can be found in the ongoing speculation about what happened to "the box" Huey allegedly kept, the one containing millions in cash set aside for his presidential campaign. Rumors about "the box" surfaced shortly after Huey's death. It was reported—and T. Harry Williams confirms this in his biography—that the Kingfish's closest friends pressed him as to the whereabouts of the box even as he lay dying. Huey told them nothing. Did such a treasure actually exist? To the Louisiana political mind, there can be no doubt. The proof? What more proof of the box's existence is needed than the fact that it has never been found?



Fifty years after his assassination, the larger historical questions asked about Huey Long have to do more with the how and why of his life than the how and why of his death. To the Louisiana political and economic establishment he took on and whipped, the Kingfish is remembered as a radical leftist; if not a card-carrying Communist, the next worst thing. But the prevailing liberal Zeitgeist of the 1930s—and this is the view taken by contemporary historians, the late Professor Williams excepted—held that Huey Long was a would-be American Hitler, the fascist model for Sinclair Lewis's novel, *It Can't Happen Here.*

The New Orleans writer Harnett Kane, a Long critic who leaned toward the latter view, concluded in his book, *Louisiana Hayride*, that Huey was neither Communist nor fascist, because he had no "central philosophy." He was simply, wrote Kane, "pure dictator." And yet:

"He took Louisiana out of the mud," continued Kane. "He threaded her flat lands and her hill country with magnificent, if expensive, roads; crossed her bayous and rivers with towering high-cost bridges. Under his influence the concept of a state's services to its citizens underwent a sharp change for Louisiana and for some of the other Southern commonwealths. He made possible a broad expansion of the schools, of daytime facilities for the children, night classes for the adults. He could claim that he had increased enrollment more than 25 percent by his free textbooks, and had taught 100,000 of the state's 238,000 illiterates to 'read, write and cipher.' He improved hospitals and set up new ones. He provided employment to tens of thousands on his public works. He granted tax exemption on part of their property to rural and urban small-home owners. He eliminated the poll tax. . . ."

And more: For the Kingfish was a man of direct action, the sort of action that would exact the attention of his constituents and excite the imagination of at least one pre-teen political animalcule growing up on the streets of New Orleans.

• Was there a disastrous run on Louisiana banks? Huey would get a $20 million loan from the RFC. But the money couldn't be cleared until Monday. If the banks opened Saturday, on schedule, a wipe-out would occur. What the state needed was a bank holiday. Let's see now, what happened on February 4, any year? Nothing. As Harnett Kane put it, February 4 proved to be the most uneventful day in human history. Ah, but what about

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February 3? On that date in 1917, the United States severed diplomatic relations with Germany. Surely, thought Huey, such a momentous event must have had a one-day overlap. So it was that Louisianians woke up the morning of Saturday, February 4, 1933, to learn that their banks would be closed because of a legal holiday, never before (or since) celebrated. They reopened, with deposits secure, on Monday.

• Did Barnum & Bailey insist on bringing a circus to Baton Rouge on a Saturday afternoon the LSU Tigers were scheduled to play football? The Kingfish called the circus owners to ask them to delay their show until the game was over. It would hurt attendance at Tiger Stadium. Not a chance, said the circus. Oh, really? said Huey. "Brother, we got health laws in Loozyana, and the way I interpret 'em, every one of your animals will have to get dipped in sheep dip before they cross the line." Barnum & Bailey's decided a night show would be dandy, and the LSU Tigers played their game before a capacity crowd.

Oh, yeah, that Huey, he knew how to get things done.

But now, alternative history: What would have happened had Huey Long lived? Folks still ask that question in Louisiana, despite the fact that the issues he dealt in during his years of power and prominence have long since been forgotten, save by terminal Depressionacs who deliver keynote speeches at Democratic conventions.

Yet, half-a-century after Huey's death and forty years removed from his fiefdom, I, too, still find myself engaged by his possibilities as a leader destined to "save this land." Because—for all his lumpen socialist "Share Our Wealth" babble—the Kingfish was to this conservative what FDR was to the conservative who now spends his days in the White House: He was my political coryphaeus, the distant mentor of my younger days.

So I wonder. What would have happened, I ask myself, if the Kingfish hadn't been assassinated? What destiny awaited him? I wonder; then recall the answer a fellow Louisianian gave to the same question in 1940. "That's easy," replied Harnett Kane. "He'd have been assassinated." □

David Evanier

THE LAST STALINIST

A New York story.

Sylvia Pollack would only meet Daniel Greenwald at Nutburger or at Communist party headquarters on 23rd Street. A few months before, she had cracked her head at Nutburger. It was three years after her son's death. She had stood up to put her coat on and fallen backwards. The table and chair were on elevated platforms. She hit the back of her head against a stone corner and cracked her skull. Her face went over to one side. Sylvia lost her hearing in the right ear and her speech became slurred. She was 88 years old.

Daniel Greenwald came to her from Sophie Siskind, 92 years old, who lived on Montgomery Street on the lower East Side and had a photograph of Paul Robeson on the wall and a little bust of Lenin on her bookshelf. "Sylvia is the only one still alive from my ILG Local 50 from 1922," Sophie told him. "She is just a few years younger than myself. I called her 'the youngster from Brownsville.' She still is active all over."

When he called her in January 1985, Sylvia said, "I'd like to meet you. I have no objection whatsoever. But I'm busy. You ought to see my calendar. I have about forty meetings. We can't meet in my house because it's a mess. I had a tragedy in my life three years ago. So I lost interest in the whole thing. I don't let anybody in anymore.

"The thing is, Sophie is not what she was. She's so bitter. There is only one Soviet Union in the whole world. These so-called defectors. They get a wonderful education. I used to go to every concert in the city since I was eighteen. When the dissidents started coming here, I wouldn't give them the satisfaction of spending my money. During the Hitler-Stalin pact, they introduced me as 'Sylvia, the Rock of Gibraltar.' But I have faith in you, although I don't know you very well.

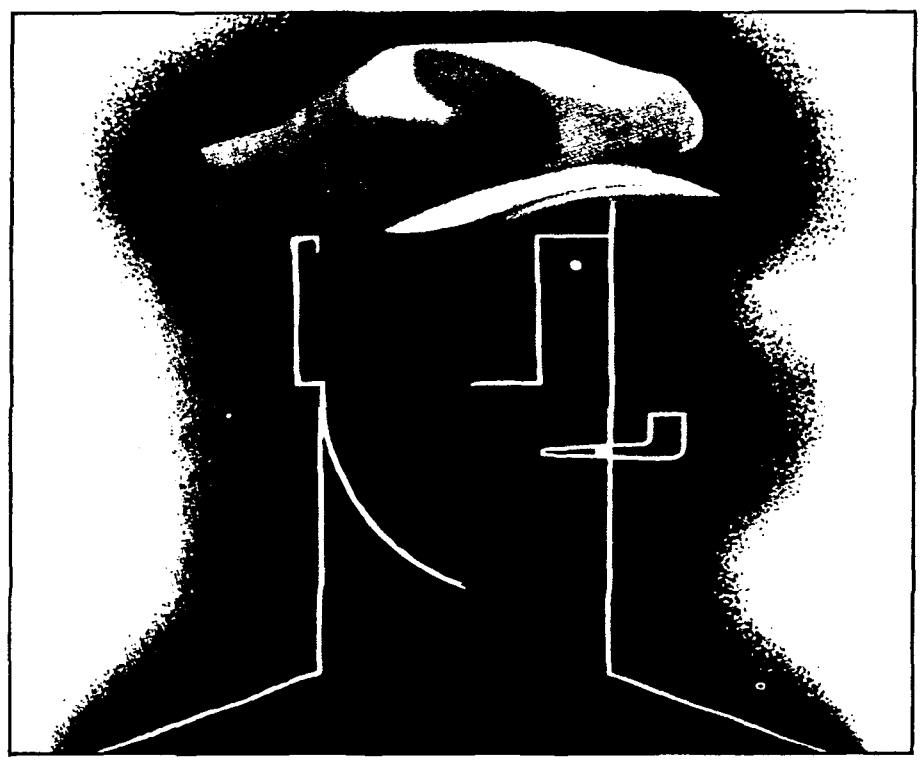
"Now let me tell you something about the Russians. Our country didn't have a war on its own land since the Civil War. In the Soviet Union they lost twenty million people. I lost a son three years ago, and I'm dying inside of me. My heart is aching every minute. Multiply that by twenty million families. Then you'll know how it feels to lose so many people."

When they first met at Nutburger, she came down the street with her cane, lobbing along, and kissed Daniel on the mouth. "It's like a blind date when you're young," she said, "and you don't know what's gonna be." He was writing a book about Nazi-Soviet collaboration. But he said he was writing about progressive humanity.

"My neighborhood in East New York was like a prairie in 1917," Sylvia said. "My father took a pail and got milk from a cow on a farm. Right from the cow. There were gas lamps on the streets that Dickens talks about. They had lamplighters. We used to run in the lots where the gypsies would camp. There were no cars. We had four rooms, no bathtub. The kids were bathed in the washtub. We had a landlord with a car. Once a week he came and took the kids for a ride. A great thing for us.

"I graduated from junior high school in 1914 and got my first job in a lady's house. She made tassels and colored buttons; we called it 'pasimentary.' I got two dollars a week. My mother was the janitor of the house. My parents couldn't make a living. Then I went to work in a pocketbook factory. They made pocketbook frames on footpress machines. And so I shuttled from one shop to another. Then I worked in a white goods factory: cotton nightgowns. I sewed up the sides of the nightgown and sewed up the sleeves.

"I loved to read in those days. In the



David Evanier is author of the novel, The One-Star Jew *(North Point Press).*

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drawer of my machine in the shop I always had poetry and while I was turning the sleeves, I used to secretly read. And I learned. Oscar Wilde, I learned the *Rubáiyát* by heart, I learned Shelley. I don't know anybody else who ever did that.

"I would buy records with my last penny, taking from food, and come home at night from a concert. I wanted to play the record. I used to take a toothpick, sharpen it off, stick my head in that great big horn and play the record so I didn't awaken my family. I'd listen to whatever I'd get out of the toothpick.

"My father would read to my mother the *Forward* when he came home from work. When I was twelve, I heard my father read an article aloud where a father seduced a daughter. My father didn't think I heard. He didn't finish reading the story. I knew I'd never hear the end of that story, 'cause I didn't dare to ask him. I remember my father reading the part where they took the daughter into court. She wore a black cape to hide her pregnancy. I had to know what happened. So I told my father that I wanted to learn Yiddish. And that's how I learned."

He met her next at the large Communist party headquarters on 23rd Street, seven stories of a former courthouse. The young blacks wearing beanies and holding giant radios greeted Sylvia at the door. Daniel and Sylvia passed little old ladies sitting quietly, pale white young men and women who looked as if they'd come to New York from the prairie. The atmosphere was exactly as Daniel remembered it from thirty years before: cold and antiseptic, like a hospital corridor. Strangers plunked together in the dust, a cold wind seeming to blow between them. "Isn't it beautiful?" Sylvia said to him, peering up at the barred windows and around the empty shells of rooms. "I love this place. It does my heart good."

They sat down in a private room across from each other. "My mother would tell stories about how much people hated the Czar," Sylvia said. "She used to say: 'He should have been buried before I ever heard of him.' She always resented the fact she had no education. She'd see these little children go off to school in the morning and she'd be jealous. She'd watch from the window and I'd watch her.

"When I was seven, we lived in one room in Russia. A young man came to my house and my father would cover the windows with blankets, and lock the door. My father made an incision in the boy's leg so he could call himself crippled instead of going to the army. My grandmother told me many times they'd helped these young people to escape. So I come from a revolutionary family but I'm the only one who retained it.

"When I was on the Merv Griffin show my family saw me. Merv had seen me when the Six O'Clock News had me on. The News wanted to show how old people were starving, so they put me in front of a Shopwell supermarket. I looked through the window, see, and developed a hungry look. Anyway, Merv saw me and asked me to be on his show. I accepted with pleasure. When I was on, he mentioned that my son was killed and I said I had to use my own money to cremate him. Then I said plenty: that all the money we use for wars and nuclear weapons we should use for housing and college and libraries and food and all kinds of wonderful things. I let Griffin know how I felt about things, believe me, although I didn't say I was in The Movement. After the show he came over to me and said, 'I'll bet you do a lot of reading. Do you read the *New York Times*?' I said no, I couldn't afford it." She cackled.

"My neighborhood in East New York was like a prairie in 1917," Sylvia said. "My father took a pail and got milk from a cow on the farm. Right from the cow."

Daniel called Sylvia for three days after that meeting and got a busy signal. She finally answered the phone on the afternoon of the third day. She had accidentally left if off the hook.

"My head bothers me," she said. "I feel . . . badly . . . over my son. I don't go around telling people because each one has his own troubles. But . . . I was looking over a bunch of pictures . . . I can't accept it. Somebody walks out of the house and that's it. It's more than three years now. As I get older, it grows on me more and more. Things quiet down and you live with yourself."

For the third meeting they went back to Nutburger. Sylvia was wearing three buttons: "Outlaw White Violence," "Ban Nuclear Weapons," and "People Before Profits."

"One of the first musicians I ever heard was Percy Grainger from Australia," she said. "Then I saw Yehudi Menuhin make his debut playing the Beethoven Violin Concerto. He came out in short pants with one of those big collars. I got acquainted with symphonies and soloists. I heard Caruso twice. I would go from the shop to the Met and stand on line. I heard Rostropovich many times. Now if he hanged himself I wouldn't go to hear him anymore. Not since he had the nerve to shelter Solzhenitsyn from the Soviet authorities!"

"Have you read Solzhenitsyn?" Daniel asked her.

"I wouldn't think of it. I've heard about him *plenty*. There was a program at Carnegie Hall the other night made up of refugees from the Soviet Union. I might have gone because it was a holiday and there were some very special singers and musicians. I can't stand them. Most of them are Jewish, otherwise they wouldn't have come here. To hell with them. In the last generation they wouldn't have had a goddamn thing in all their lives. And now they get to the point of being great artists. I'm very much in favor of what the Soviet Union is doing. The fact that people don't have to sleep on the sidewalks is enough for me."

"Michael was born in June 1937. I had met Earl at Camp Nitgedaiget ["Don't Worry"] in 1936. We married the next year. He was a salesman for a paste and glue factory. Very bright, an advanced thinker. But he ran around a lot. There was a great deal of fighting. For a while I took Michael to California and we lived in a bungalow. Pepper trees, eucalyptus, lemon trees. In the middle of the summer you could see the snow on the mountain. I had an orange bush right in my kitchen window. But we came back home, and Earl got a divorce. Michael felt terrible. He missed his father.

"We had a lot of trouble together because Michael was not well. He was disturbed, and I feel very guilty about it. I think it was my fault. From the time he was eight or nine years old. They said he was schizophrenic. I took him to Rockland State Hospital, to Bellevue. He didn't want to go. He was screaming blue murder and the nurse said, 'Look, I'm in the hospital. I stay here too.' Angry as he was, Michael turned around to her and said, 'Yeah, but you're getting paid for it.' You see, he was so brilliant. He knew the derivation of words. I don't know how he learned it. The thing was I trusted the doctors and I didn't know how to handle him myself. He did something bad once in the apartment. I said, 'What should I do with you?' He said, 'Love me. Just love me.'

"He had a wonderful sense of humor. When he was twelve, I took him to a TV preview studio. They showed an ad for a life insurance company advertising insurance for the husband so the family would have something when he died. They lived in a slum, but when the husband died, they fixed up the house, they got new furniture. So Michael stood up, raised his hand, and said, 'It seems to me from your commercial that the wife is better off with her husband dead.' Everyone roared."

Sylvia paused, and said, "The thing is, he often said: 'I love you, but I don't like you.' As he got older, he seemed to take it out on me that I was progressive. Just to spite me, he bought a copy of *1984* when it first came out. He said that's what's gonna happen, rotten things like that. Just to spite me, see. One day I was in his room and found the damn thing. I was so angry I threw it down the incinerator. He bought a copy of William Z. Foster's old book for five dollars, *Towards a Soviet America*. He showed it to me, and he tore it up page by page right in front of me."

Daniel held her and asked how her son had died.

"They pulled him out of the East River," Sylvia whispered. "Half naked. He used to go to Bellevue Hospital for medication. They treat these things with drugs. One Sunday evening in 1982, he was very disturbed. He understood himself so well. When he felt he shouldn't take something, he didn't. When he felt he needed it, he took it. He was bad that night. At ten he said he was going to go to Bellevue for the medication. As he was walking out the door, I said, 'Michael, don't take too much money with you.' He said, 'Don't tell me what to do,' and he walked out. Monday morning he wasn't home. Tuesday he didn't come

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home. Friday about four o'clock, two cops come to my house and told me.

"At the morgue, they brought up his body in a glass case all covered with a sheet. And he looked sleepy and he had such a contented look on his face. They brought him up on an escalator. I couldn't even touch him. He was in a case.

"I had his body cremated. The man said to me, 'Do you want the ashes?' What am I going to do with the ashes? I said, 'What do you do with them?' He said, 'They collect them. And then they bury them.' And you know, I get thoughts: How do I know what he did with his ashes? How do I know they cremated him altogether? How do I know?"

Daniel tried to see her again for two months, but she was busy with a Communist party convention, peace demonstrations, union picket lines. They spoke on the phone. "I hate to say it, but I miss you," she said. "I hate to give you the satisfaction. I know you're not that progressive. But we have respect for each other. Just as long as you don't go any further backwards." She laughed.

"I was at a mental illness hearing last week," Sylvia said. "I began by talking about the military budget. I said do you realize what they can do with seven billion dollars that they want to spend on military missiles, that they want to destroy the world? While all these thousands of young people have no place to go? And I told them about Michael. I said I was away one weekend in Cleveland. I said my son was very depressed, and that he tried to hang himself in the bathroom. When I came home, Michael told me. He said he put a rope on the riser in the bathroom and the rope broke, and it cut into his neck. He got very frightened. He put on his coat, he put his collar up, and he ran to Bellevue in the middle of the night. When he got there, the guard asked him what he wanted. Michael told the guard that he'd tried to commit suicide but that the rope broke and he fell on the bathroom floor and the rope hurt his neck. And I said to them, 'Do you know what the guard said to him? The guard wouldn't let him into the hospital. He said, "Go home and get a stronger rope."' And I said to them, 'That's the kind of society we have.'"

" . . . I heard Rostropovich many times. Now if he hanged himself I wouldn't go to hear him anymore. Not since he had the nerve to shelter Solzhenitsyn from the Soviet authorities."

In his radical youth, in the early sixties, Daniel Greenwald was burning up with furious confusion. It scared the hell out of people, particularly girls. Around the Communist party, progressive types reacted to his anger with suspicion and fear. For one thing, it didn't seem right for a progressive person to be so profoundly sad and depressed all the time. How were you going to light a fire of optimism under the masses if you drooped with subjective misery? "Remember what Lenin said about infantile leftism," they warned him.

But what he was really depressed about was his lack of success with girls. He had thought The Movement would be the perfect place to find his very own Anne Frank—after all, the adults welcomed him instantly as a "representative of the youth" at a time when the youth had deserted the Communists in droves. They loved the poem he published about the blinded Communist leader Ben Hodge: "His vision is deeper than all mankind," it went.

He discovered it was better to explain immediately to a girl that he was burning up with hatred of the country, the system, the President: what America was doing to the world, bringing war and devastation and fascism to peace-loving peoples. He said he couldn't take it one more minute. He added that he was involved in some kind of secret work, and that if he were suddenly to disappear (now a fierce look tinged with fatalism and incredible courage and strength), well, that's what the risks were and you took your chances.

He still didn't get laid.

He did very, very well with old ladies. They loved him.

He had always been more at home with the aged. His parents had never let him play with children his own age, and as he grew up he had no idea what the other kids were doing. Their tumult bewildered him; they spoke in foreign tongues. They listened and danced to rock 'n' roll; he traveled back in time to vaudeville and old time radio and Winchell, Jolson, the RKO Palace, Sammy's Bowery Follies. He hunted down vaudeville shows at the decaying Jefferson Theater on 14th Street where five "big acts" were sandwiched in between two movies, he hung around nostalgia shops on Sixth Avenue, he went backstage at the Palace, and he called up Helen Kane, the Boop Doop A Doop girl, and Belle Baker on the telephone. The old, semi-retired performers were kind to him; he was their last fan and he was so young. "You'll come back," he told them, and when they did, the times would be gentler, and he would understand the language. When Jolson sang again, so would he.

In 1964 Daniel met Comrade Rose, a clerk at the Jefferson Bookshop. She was a hawk-nosed woman in her sixties married to an ex-Harlem Globetrotter. She hated the decline of the Party, which she believed was not due to Stalin and to Khrushchev's speech in 1956, but to the "revisionists" who criticized everything and whom she said she could spot a mile away "like an old piece of carp." She continued, "Ooh, they're so vile."

Rose called him Sergei at first, mistaking him for a Soviet youth. The first thing she said to him was, "What is the Soviet production quota this year?" He was her young Lenin. She took him for *dim sum* lunches in Chinatown, and gave him socks and milk and tuna fish and books by Anna Louise Strong and William Z. Foster. Among her favorite books were early works by writers before they turned against the Soviet Union: John Strachey, André Gide, yellowed pamphlets by Richard Wright and Ignazio Silone. They were hidden in the basement of the bookshop, along with Trotsky, Stalin, and a pamphlet called: "Happy Days for American Youth in a Soviet America."

One day at sunset Daniel came to the bookshop and Rose locked the door. "Daniel darling," she had said, "I've

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been waiting for you. Daniel, I'm so glad you came. I've been hoping all day that you would come. I have something for you," she giggled, "and I'm so glad nobody's here." She rummaged through her bag and took out two whiskey miniature bottles, and two paper cups from the water cooler. "Daniel, this is the anniversary of Socialism's victory in Cuba and I said to myself the person I want to drink to Fidel with more than anyone else is my Daniel. I want to forget this rotten system. It's so *rotten*. It reeks with rottenness." She laughed at herself, a shriek of laughter in the silent store.

She chattered away with everyone: Chinese waiters and warehouse workers and subway trainmen. They all lit up at the sight of her and responded with warmth.

She encouraged his writing. When he read his stories to her, she said, "Beautiful. Daniel, you write so beautifully, and you have *content* too. But it only makes me even more anxious for you to take a more active part in The Movement. When I think of the plays you could write about the civil rights movement, about the Negro youth in motion: uh! It would be terrific!" He saw a noose as she spoke, hovering above them: in case the content was wrong, if there was not enough of it, if his future work did not describe how workers were "affected by living in this rotten society dialectically."

She talked of Wilfred Mendelsohn, the legendary Mendy who had led the Young Communist League in Brownsville and died in Spain. "He was a dark brooding boy with a big mop of hair, like yours, Daniel. He had the feeling of a poet, like you." And she gave him a picture of Mendelsohn's grave.

That summer he worked on a kibbutz in Israel. He saw the tattooed numbers on the arms of the Israelis as they pitched cherries into bags in the golden sunlight. Rose had said, "What do you want to go there for?"

When he came back, he pulled away from her. He never told her why.

The Cuban saying went, "If you don't love your mother, you can't love your country." From 1964 to 1985, he had been working on that.

When he saw Sylvia again at Nutburger, her mouth had moved back to the center, and she looked well. "I never did meet the right man," she said. "I was always the one who got the blind date. When I went out with a group of friends, if they had somebody they didn't know who to pair off with, I was it. I didn't like the idea but I accepted it. But inside I resented it. The young men who wrote poetry in those days all had 'dens.' There was a guy named Ezzi, a shriveled-up little thing. I loved that guy. I didn't love him physically, but he was so brilliant. You didn't know how old he was; he was really nothing to look at. My crowd went on hikes to Palisades Park; we'd go hitchhiking and come home at four o'clock in the morning. We'd stop a milkwagon and buy a bottle of milk. We knew what to live for. Whatever we did we did with our whole being.

"This was 1915. I was working at the Arrow shift factory in Williamsburg. I worked on artificial flowers. They taught me how to work on a button sewing machine. Every time I broke a needle they would mark it down and take two cents out of my pay.

"Oh, I wanted to show you a letter my son sent me once." She handed Daniel a typed page with two quotations on it:

"Oh, the comfort, the inexplicable comfort of feeling safe with a person. Having neither to weigh thoughts or measure words, but to pour them all out just as they are, chaff and grain together. Knowing that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and then with a breath of kindness throw the rest away."
—George Eliot

The second quotation was from an article by Liz Smith in *Reader's Digest*:

"The son to mother communication transmitted over the longest distance is the birthday greeting sent on November 22, 1968, by astronaut James Lovell, Jr. to his mother. At the time of its transmission he was 140,000 miles out in space on his way to the moon."

At the bottom of the page was written, "Love, Michael."

"I wake up and hear him say, 'Ma?' I don't wish it on anyone.

"See, the thing is, I went to work when he was a baby; a year and a half or two years. I had to get out of the house because I was so unhappy with my husband. He was jealous of me—very. I wasn't an attractive-looking woman, and he knew beautiful ones. But he was insecure. And I didn't like humiliation.

The Cuban saying went, "If you don't love your mother, you can't love your country."

"I didn't realize Michael wanted somebody close to him. His father was always running around. He would take Michael to the park, spread a blanket, and fall asleep.

"I got a letter the other day from Reagan. For Michael. They sent a self-addressed envelope with a stamp and they want a reply. I felt like writing, 'You should be where he is.' But I knew Michael voted for Reagan to spite me. He was envious because he knew that I had friends. He didn't have a life. He learned Morse code by himself, and talked a lot to these people, the CB's. The thing is," she said, her voice breaking, "he really loved me very dearly.

"He would have been 44 years old now," Sylvia said.

"Then he was—"

"That's right. He was your age when he died, Daniel."

"Did you read Khrushchev's speech in 1956?" Daniel asked her.

"I didn't bother," Sylvia said. "Ben Hodge said not to, and his vision was deeper than all mankind. Look, I was in the Soviet Union in 1937 when Stalin was president. The big shots used to walk around with their *canes* and their *ladies*, and the old women used to go about with a stick and clean up the papers and do the sweeping. These bureaucrats had finally reached the day when they had servants and felt like millionaires. I spoke to a lot of people about them. 'Their day will come too,' they said. And it was true. Shortly after I came back here, the Soviet Union had the Moscow trials."

"How did you feel about the trials?" Daniel asked.

"What could you feel?" Sylvia replied. "I felt there had to be a clean sweep, and there was."

"But then what did you think when Khrushchev said all those people were innocent, and the trials were rigged?"

"Listen," Sylvia said, "I don't think about the individual." □

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—Paul E. Sigmund

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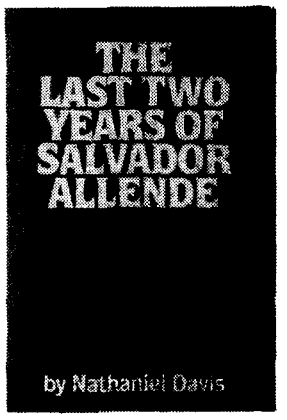

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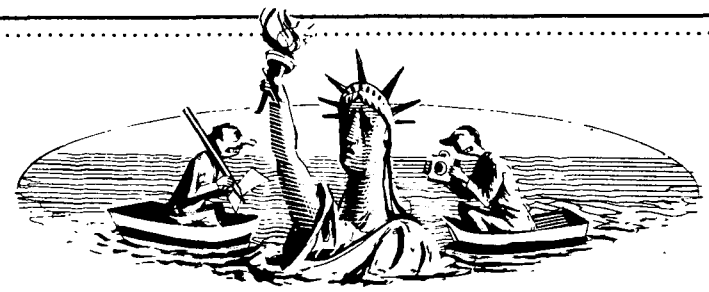

BRAINWASHERS

by John O'Sullivan

Imagine a KGB colonel in the Lubianka—the Soviet equivalent of those brilliant backroom dons who supposedly thought up clever wheezes for British intelligence during the war—leafing idly through Western magazines and dreaming up his next project. The germ of that project is a simple one: to apply to a hostile nation the same techniques of interrogation and brainwashing that have proved so reliably disorienting when inflicted on individuals.

He has even invented the basic plot. Suppose the hostile nation in question—let's call it the United States—could be persuaded to identify its fate with that of some of its citizens taken as hostages. Then one might subject the nation to brainwashing by subjecting the hostages to it. Quite primitive methods—the old alternation of hard cop with soft cop—would probably be sufficient to do the trick.

The nation would be shocked, horrified, and frightened when ruthless and seemingly "irrational" hijackers seized hostages, beat them, killed one or two as examples, and threatened to kill the rest if all their demands were not met. And it would be correspondingly relieved and anxious to cooperate when a more reasonable and ambiguous figure arrived on the scene to apologize for his partners, to suggest that the entire regrettable episode was based upon misunderstandings, and to propose that everything could be settled satisfactorily if all their demands were met.

The colonel is sure that the project would succeed. It is based upon the theoretical foundation of the suggestibility of a modern television democracy and confirmed by the Serbsky Institute's experiments on dissidents. (In fact, though, he actually hatched the scheme when reading about Orson Welles's radio dramatization of "The War of the Worlds" in which fictional news reports of Martian landings prompted mass hysteria throughout America.)

Only one snag continues to annoy him. How can he ensure that the television networks will cooperate? For his brainwashing to succeed, he has to be certain that the networks will portray at least one leading hijacker as a sympathetic figure.

He is still puzzled that night when he goes to a private KGB screening of the film *Network*. But all is made clear by a scene in which television news executives, striving to keep a competitive edge on their rivals, strike a bargain with a small terrorist band that they will be given exclusive rights to terrorist outrages in return for a percentage of the gross. His problem has been solved. Capitalists, he reflects, will not only sell you the rope to hang them with; they will finance the hanging by purchasing an option on the film rights. The next day at his office, he sends for the Beirut telephone directory.

A fanciful invention? Certainly. (The technical term is dramatized documentary.) But it reflects reasonably accurately the American public's vicarious experience of being held hostage. They were horrified by Robert Stethem's murder at the hands of the original hijackers. Then they responded to Nabih Berri's "moderation" shown in respectful interviews. They were naturally confused by statements praising Amal's hospitality from some of the hostages in still more "exclusive" interviews courtesy of the Amal Militia News Service. They were baffled by pictures of the poolside farewell party thrown by Amal ($50,000 for the rights to cover this aspect of the kidnapping, one gathers). And now they are returning to their first mood as the released hostages disavow their praise for the terrorists and denounce them as "animals" and "murderers."

The American public, in short, was brainwashed. But for the networks a light rinse was all that was required. They already shared many of the presuppositions that Berri and Amal wished to inculcate. So they reinforced rather than qualified the false impressions created by the raw coverage. It is instructive that, at the press conference in Syria, the hostages were asked by Western reporters if they were "grateful" to Berri and if they "bore a grudge against Israel." It occurred to few reporters to wonder if the hostages bore a grudge against their captors or were grateful to Israel for taking steps that secured their release. Watching television, one gradually got the impression that Israel was responsible for the hijacking.

Other media themes were that terrorism is generally a response to "injustice"; that "simplistic" responses to it, such as retaliation, are doomed to failure; and that terrorism is unbeatable because there is an inexhaustible supply of martyrs among the Shiites who are, however, in all other respects warm lovable human beings just like us.

Mr. Charles Glass of ABC has defended the media against such charges in the Other *Spectator*. But then Mr. Glass has a lot to be defensive about. He was the correspondent who, by arrangement with Amal, carried out the television interview with the TWA captain under the supervision of a gun-toting hijacker. In Mr. Glass's modest view, this was a public relations disaster for the hijackers: "Throughout the interview, which should have been a propaganda coup for Amal, a bearded thug waved a revolver in the face of the hostages. This did not win Amal much sympathy with our viewers." In the interview itself, however, Mr. Glass put the best interpretation on things. To be sure, he told us that a gunman was "waving a pistol." But then, he went on reassuringly, "Captain Testrake is smiling at us." So that's all right.

As the interview went on, we learned that Testrake was being treated well, that the food wasn't bad, and that he and the other hostages were opposed to a rescue attempt or retaliation by the U.S. It may be that these were the Captain's genuine opinions, but there was no way of knowing since he was speaking with a gun at his head. Had he denounced the cuisine and called for swift punishment of his captors, it might have been a case of: "And, smiling, the boy fell dead."

Nor is it clear that the terrorists gained no propaganda victory from Mr. Glass's interview. All the views expressed by Captain Testrake, notably his appeal against retaliation, were exactly what they wanted the American people to hear. And the appearance of

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the man with the gun served to remind the U.S. that there was muscle behind their threats. That might not gain the terrorists undiluted sympathy. But surely that was never their aim. They sought to instill in the American people a paralyzing combination of hope and fear and they largely succeeded. Indeed the entire scene—thug waving gun, hostage praising his treatment, and reporter pointing out that he seems happy enough—encapsulates the "hard cop, soft cop" kicks and kindnesses approach that the terrorists employed and that the media lent themselves to.

Mr. Glass sees none of this. To buttress his argument that Amal and Nabih Berri were bad at propaganda, he points out that their press conferences were "disasters." In what way? Well, it turns out that one such conference was switched to another room at the last moment, after all the television cameramen had set up their tripods and settled comfortably back. They must have been *furious*. But did this affront to the Fourth Estate enrage the American people and prompt demands for retribution? I think not. Perhaps Mr. Glass played down the outrage lest it should exacerbate the situation.

For he is generally adept at discovering favorable interpretations of Amal's and Berri's motives. "To prevent another murder" (like Robert Stethem's), he tells *Spectator* readers, "Amal leader Nabih Berri was forced to intervene." Amal then provided the hostages with "adequate shelter, good food, cigarettes," etc. Accordingly, Mr. Glass reports, "to the hostages who stayed with them for two weeks in Beirut, they were saviors." And it was false to argue that the hostages must have been brainwashed when they "supported the release of the Lebanese in Israel and opposed U.S. military action in Lebanon." First of all, the poor dears in Amal were laughably bad at brainwashing. And, secondly, the hostages had continued to praise Amal and to spout the Amal line on the detainees in Israel after their release.

Well, ho, ho, ho. Mr. Glass joins the many other victims of early deadlines in the history of journalism. A few days later the hostages, having shaken off the mesmeric effect of being captives and in the power of their abductors (the "Stockholm Syndrome"), had a very different account of the experience. "We lived in filth," revealed one hostage. So much for the adequate shelter and excellent food. Another denounced his "saviors" as "thugs, thieves and murderers."

No doubt Mr. Glass can argue that they did, after all, make the earlier more favorable remarks. Surely, however, his suspicions should have been aroused by the very fact that "repeated interviews with a variety of hostages" had them all spouting the Amal line on the Lebanese detainees in Israel. Such unanimity is fairly unusual on any topic. It is astonishing on a Middle Eastern subject from a random group of people like the passengers on a TWA plane. It should have provoked at least a hint of suspicion in Mr. Glass's mind that something like brainwashing had occurred.

But Mr. Glass is not wholly lacking in suspicion. It surfaced in Frankfurt where, he tells us, "the real media manipulators" were waiting. (They were also lurking in Washington.) These sinister people turn out to be Vice President Bush and President Reagan. The evidence for Mr. Bush's media manipulation seems to be simply that he was in Frankfurt, along with Senator Moynihan, to greet the returning hostages—"not that either Bush or Moynihan had done anything to obtain their release," adds Mr. Glass censoriously. President Reagan, of course, had done anything to release them. But Mr. Glass manages to convict him of serious crimes all the same. He tells the innocent *Spectator* that at the ceremony to greet the hostages, the President first condemned Amal for its cynical use of television, then reminded them of Stethem's murder, and finally had the band play "The Star-Spangled Banner." I can imagine how Mr. Glass in his suspicious mood might have covered this manipulative event: "The President is waving a flag. But the hostages are frowning." □

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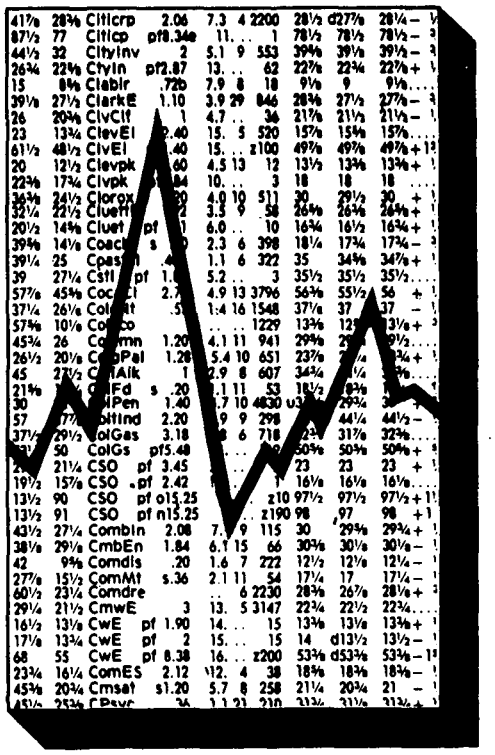

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THE NATION'S PULSE

THE NEW NEW SOUTH

by John A. Barnes

Party realignment, the major goal that has eluded Republicans for the past seventeen years, is once again a gleam in their eye. From the Rust Belt to the Sun Belt, key Democrats have decided to cut ties of blood and tradition and declare themselves Republicans. And voters, especially in the South, are starting to follow.

So far this year, six major Democratic present or former officeholders have announced their conversion to the GOP: former "Boll Weevil" Rep. Kent Hance of Texas; former Governor Ed King of Massachusetts; former Mayor Eddie Knox of Charlotte, North Carolina; Wayne County, Michigan Executive William Lucas; Mayor Robert Martinez of Tampa, Florida; and Mayor Frank Fasi of Honolulu, Hawaii. All except Knox are considered strong candidates for governor in their states next year, and Knox may run for the Senate if Senator John East (R-N.C.) steps down.

"If everything turns out right," President Reagan said a week before Election Day, the 1984 elections could mark "the beginnings of a new phenomenon many observers have been talking about—an historic electoral realignment." The polls told the story: A Gallup survey showed the gap between voters calling themselves Republicans and those calling themselves Democrats had shrunk from 25 percent in 1978 to less than 2 percent, the smallest such spread since 1946. Fully 10 percent of white Democrats said they had shifted to the Republicans between 1980 and 1984, as well as a surprising 2 percent of blacks.

It was even better among younger voters, with a November *New York Times*/CBS poll showing 37 percent of voters between the ages of 18 and 25 identifying with the GOP, as opposed to 29 percent with the Democrats; 34 percent called themselves Independents.

John A. Barnes is national political correspondent in Washington for syndicated columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak.

Both Reagan and the polls were partly right. The election results showed what might be called a "split-level" realignment: a virtual Republican lock on the presidency, with Democratic candidates unable to rely on a single state of the Union (including Massachusetts); and a narrowly divided Senate, with the Republican majority weighted towards the South and West.

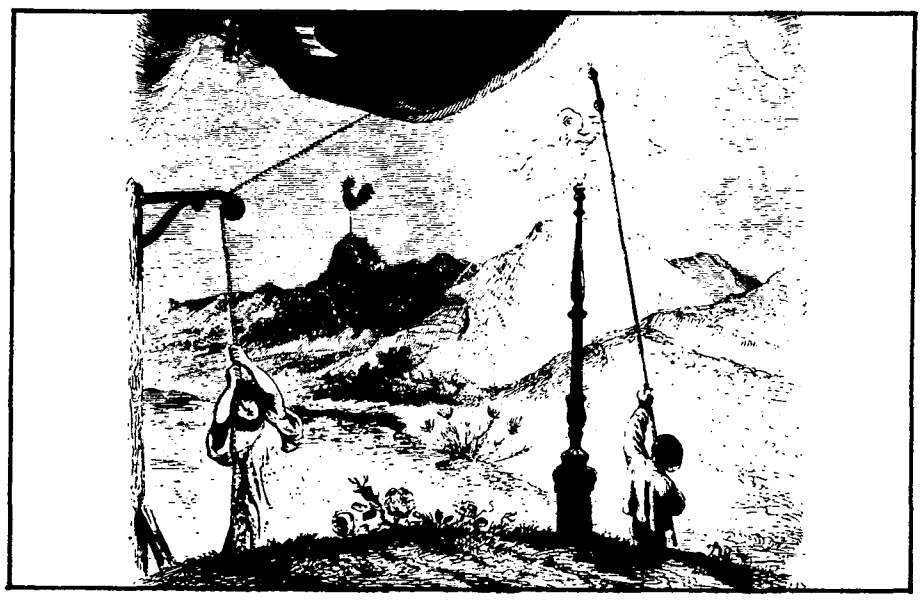
The House stayed Democratic, of course, but primarily because new political technologies have made it possible for congressmen to deliver rapidly the constituency services so many voters consider vital. The Democrats are keeping their majority by inertia. The GOP has won the vast majority of "open" seats (ones with no incumbent) over the last several elections. In short, the Republicans are steadily chipping away at the Democratic majority.

"The Reagan Revolution does not match the Roosevelt Revolution in its impact on the party system," says James Sundquist of the Brookings Institution, "but it has brought about the greatest realignment in five decades—and the realigning forces are still at work."

The increase in GOP identification among voters is explained by some as a temporary polling phenomenon caused by a natural bias in favor of the winning candidate's party. A four point surge towards the Republicans just after President Eisenhower's re-election in 1956, for instance, dissipated within a year. Some recent polls even show the Democrats gaining back some of their lost ground, especially among younger voters. In the South, however, the Republican gains are holding steady.

A post-election *New York Times*/CBS poll showed that the Democratic party lost an incredible 22 percent of its Southern voters to the Republicans between 1980 and 1984. From the Carolinas to Texas, identification with the Democrats dropped to a historic low of 33 percent and has stayed depressed since then.

Kent Hance, along with most of the other well-known converts, says the main reason for the Southern shift is the proliferation of "special interests" that have swung the Democratic party to the left in the past fifteen years. "I don't want to get caught in a position anymore where I have to endorse someone whose philosophy is 180 degrees different from mine," he says. Most observers, liberal and conservative, agree that the tipping point for the Republicans in the South was the nomination last year of the all-liberal, all-Northern ticket of Mondale and Ferraro. The far-left antics of Jesse Jackson in Cuba and elsewhere on the campaign trail didn't help either. But the South's growing conversion to Republicanism hasn't been based entirely on a reaction against the policies of the national Democratic party. The GOP has had a few assets of its own, too.



A changed image, for one thing. For decades following the Civil War, Southerners viewed the Republicans bitterly as the party of Civil War and oppressive Reconstruction. The Republicans were also the party of the country club and the Eastern Establishment, people incapable of identifying with the concerns of ordinary folks. The result was a breed known as the "yellow dog Democrats," or Southerners who claimed they would vote for a yellow dog before they'd pull the lever for a Republican.

That worked for the century after the Civil War, as long as the South was a poor, backward region cut off from the mainstream of America. But the memories of the war and Reconstruction faded and were replaced by a new reality: prosperity. Attracted by the region's low taxes, mild weather, and lack of unionization, business flocked South and West after the 1960s. As their affluence grew, more and more Southerners identified with the party whose policies promoted economic growth instead of redistribution.

Then there's religion. Democrats had generally commanded the loyalty of Christian fundamentalists since the campaigns of William Jennings Bryan. By running on "traditional values," Republicans have drawn away those voters who've become disillusioned with the Democrats' support of abortion and homosexual rights. It's estimated that Southern ministers registered more than 2 million members of their flocks for the Republican party last year, more than offsetting Jesse Jackson's efforts to register black voters.

Democratic National Chairman Paul Kirk, who has had to spend much

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of his time trying to put out the fire, writes off the high-level defectors as "political opportunists" and labels their actions "a transparent public relations gimmick." Well, whatever their motives, it is clear that Hance and his fellow-converts are not switching parties so they can lose votes. And that has other Southern Democrats worried. George Christian, a Texas lobbyist and former press secretary to Lyndon Johnson, says the Hance switch was "a real coup for the Republicans. It shows what a strain it is for conservative Texas Democrats to stay in the party. The national party keeps digging itself into a deeper hole, and it takes real valor to stay with them."

Of the recent defections, Kent Hance's is especially intriguing (and especially discomfiting to Democrats) because he is not nearly as conservative as many other Southerners who have so far remained in the party. His rating from conservative groups—from the 40's to the low 70's on a scale of 100—is low compared to some of his colleagues, many of whom have rated in the 80's and 90's. What pushed Hance finally to the Republicans was his loss in the 1984 Senate primary to a card-carrying liberal, state Sen. Lloyd Doggett. After co-sponsoring the Reagan tax cuts in 1981, Hance had made an active effort to get back in his party's good graces. But fellow Texan and House Majority Leader Jim Wright would have none of it and threw his weight behind Doggett. Hance's loss convinced him that someone of moderate-to-conservative views belonged in the other party.

"This stuff about there being room in the Democratic party for everybody is just one big cliché," says Florida Rep. Andy Ireland, who was first elected as a Democrat in 1976, then switched and won re-election as a Republican last year. "The truth is that Florida and the South have lost their voice in the Democratic party. Our views are not heard, not heeded, not wanted."

While the high-level switches have received most of the attention, probably more important to the realignment have been the switches of local officials, such as town council members and local sheriffs. Until now, Republicans in the South have had problems electing officials below the gubernatorial level because of most voters' reluctance to be left out of the action in local politics, which have been primarily Democratic.

But a wave of defections by local officials this year may finally give the Republicans the boost they've been seeking. Many of these switches were provoked by a surge last November in straight ticket GOP voting, particularly in North Carolina and Texas. In addition to four new House seats in both states, Republicans picked up sixteen state House seats in Texas and nineteen in North Carolina, plus dozens of local judgeships. In 1978, no Republican sat on the state bench in Dallas; today, sixty-one of sixty-eight judgeships are in GOP hands. Recently, Reby Cary, a black former Texas state representative, led twenty-three other Fort Worth area black leaders into the registration office to become Republicans.

And for once the Republican party has stopped merely talking about realignment and is actually trying to achieve it. The national committee's "Operation Open Door," budgeted at $500,000, is aimed at registering several hundred thousand new Republicans in Florida, Louisiana, and North Carolina. The results could be impressive. In Florida, for example, where just three years ago Democrats outnumbered Republicans two to one, the registration drive could whittle the ratio to three to two by fall.

But the picture isn't one of unrelieved bliss. Several prominent mayors and city council members in Mississippi who switched to the Republicans were defeated in local elections last June

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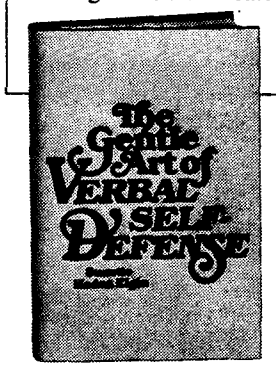
About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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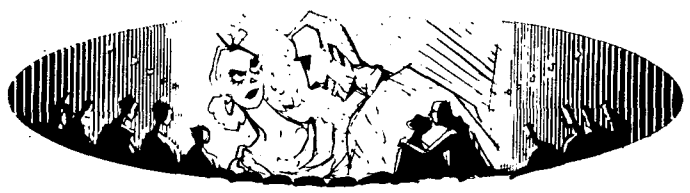
(although the total number of local Republican elected officials in that state increased slightly). In South Carolina, two Republican congressmen, Carroll Campbell and Tom Hartnett, will likely slug it out for governor in a divisive primary next year, possibly losing both seats to Democrats.

And "Operation Open Door" notwithstanding, there remains intra-party resistance to the crossovers. In Texas, many old-line Republicans are incensed that a newcomer like Hance can switch parties and run for governor. They're backing Rep. Tom Loeffler or former Governor William Clements instead. In Florida, establishment-party types have formed an "Anybody but Martinez" organization.

"The Democratic party in the South continues to be the party of the establishment at the local level," says Hastings Wyman, editor of the respected *Southern Political Report*. "That will change slowly, not overnight. The GOP's gains in the South continue to be evolutionary, not revolutionary."

Predicting the nation's future political dynamic is a risky proposition at best. But the Republican party below the Mason-Dixon line seems well on its way to achieving critical mass, in both the number of politicians willing to run on the ticket and of voters willing to support them. The opportunities for the party to break through in the South, and then nationally, are better now than they have been in decades. □

THE TALKIES



KIDSTUFF

by John Podhoretz

There are few people in the world worth envying. Steven Spielberg is one of them. He made his professional debut as a television director in 1969, when he was 20, and at 24 he was making the highly praised *Sugarland Express*, his first feature film. At 27 he made his second feature, *Jaws*, which became the most successful movie ever; at 30 he made *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, which earned $150 million. Following a flop called *1941*, his career has continued to spiral into the rarefied heights. *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *E.T.*, and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* have together earned nearly $800 million. He has branched into producing with generally spectacular results: *Twilight Zone: The Movie*, *Poltergeist*, and *Gremlins*; and this summer's duo of *Back to the Future* and *The Goonies* has solidified his position as one of the industry's canniest producers. He is now returning to television as the producer of "Amazing Stories," an anthology series for which he received an unprecedented commitment from NBC that it will pay for, and air, at least 44 episodes even if it proves to be a ratings disaster. As for his private life: He lives with Amy Irving, one of the world's most beautiful women, and they have just had a son, named Max.

Steven Spielberg is 37 years old.

Quite a life. It is like some Hollywood dream of a successful career—even the slight dip in his fortunes that was *1941* provides the tiny bit of failure that makes his triumphs seem all the more extraordinary. He is the rare bird of our time, the entertainer with an almost mystical understanding of how to move an audience. But he goes one better than that.

Unlike a lot of popular entertainers, he also possesses a brilliant sense of how to stir critics, who usually take the gloves off when a Spielberg comes along. Always excepting *1941*, the movies he has himself directed have received critical encomiums to rival their box-office receipts.

And *E.T.*, his greatest triumph, has not only set a box-office record that will be hard to rival. It also established its director firmly as a "genius" in the eyes of all but the most cynical of American movie critics, and to American audiences he became the inheritor of the godlike mantle of Walt Disney.

Those few critics who have actually gone after Spielberg—Robert Asahina in particular—complain that his world view is preposterously optimistic. There is much to this charge. Spielberg is a master of characterization, but he does very poorly with villains, usually making them faceless and ominous and therefore lacking in force. He generally goes the old government-bashing route, expecting that the sight of someone in an American military uniform—or a Nazi uniform, for that matter—is so horrifying in itself that he need not give us any further reason for hating his bad guys. And it is true that in the final analysis, almost everybody is nice—his aliens, the ghosts in *Poltergeist*, even a grotesque missing link who ultimately saves the day in *The Goonies*.

Those of us who did not like *E.T.*—all seven of us in the continental U.S. alone—faced pressure not unlike the kind one feels when one raises certain questions about a telethon, or a campaign to end world hunger. *E.T.* was more than just a movie to a great many people; it was rather like a religious experience, and you can't make fun of that.

To complain against the cloying moment when the title extraterrestrial's space ship leaves a rainbow across the sky was to *E.T.* fans the moral equivalent of telling a three-year-old there is no Santa Claus. The movie generated such extraordinary good will among its audience that its essential ugliness—the theme that life is basically worthless without a *deus ex machina* to give it meaning—went unnoted or unmentioned.

But then, it is Spielberg's chief theme, and it runs through all his films. In *Jaws*, Police Chief Brody is snapped out of his lugubrious shell by the disastrous appearance of a shark near the shore of the town he is to protect. Brody is a perfectly pleasant fellow, but a little dull, and even afraid of the water. By film's end he is a hero, and likes to swim. In *Close Encounters*, Roy the electrician is leading a suburban life of comic desperation, complete with shrewish wife and noisy children, when he is given a psychic command to come meet an alien spaceship. "This means something," he tells his horrified wife as he grows obsessed with decoding the message the aliens have implanted in his brain. "This is important." So important, in fact, that he leaves his wife and children on earth to go with the aliens.

Raiders of the Lost Ark and its sequel, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, take this to extremes. Jones is a mild-mannered archaeology professor who doubles as a swashbuckling adventurer. He and his friends lead life on the edge: When he breaks his girl's

John Podhoretz is an editor and critic at the Washington Times.

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heart, she goes off to open a bar in Tibet. And it is not enough that Jones faces huge rolling boulders, swarms of bugs, and legions of killers; he must also save the world. At the end of *Raiders*, again a supernatural visitation, this time from the Old Testament God, gives Jones's life meaning.

E.T., *Poltergeist*, and *The Goonies* all make clear the point that supernatural adventure is broadening. Elliott, the hero of *E.T.*, is a miserable little boy whose divorced mother is an emotional wreck. The mother and father in *Poltergeist* are a happy but complacent suburban couple. The Goonies of *The Goonies* are children with a taste for adventure but a relatively bleak life. In each case a *deus ex machina*—an alien in *E.T.*, a ghost or two in *Poltergeist*, and a magical treasure map in *The Goonies*—enters the lives of our protagonists and transforms them from mere suburbanites into transcendent heroes. And once transformed, somehow their previous lives seem utterly valueless to the audience. Elliott before E.T.? Unthinkable.

The question is how strong or weak people are: Do they rise to adventure or do they decline it? There is a faint whiff of contempt for all those who are simply getting by—the mother in *E.T.* who is struggling to keep her family content in the face of her own emotional rollercoaster ride, the father in *Poltergeist* who smarmily sells houses in the suburban development where he lives, and the parents in *The Goonies*, who are prepared to sit by and watch their homes torn down for a new housing development. What defines these people is that they are adults. They have lost the capacity for wonder, or the expectation that something extraordinary will happen to save them from their lives of quiet desperation. They take the cards they have been dealt, and for this Spielberg will not respect them.

His heroes therefore tend to be children, and here Spielberg scores his most telling points with his audience. In the Spielberg universe, children are the last defense against cynicism and despair, an eternally optimistic group of people who wait for miracles to save them. He gives them miracles; it is a cheap but powerful form of wish-fulfillment, and is all the better for its exclusivity.

"Only little kids can see him," Elliott tells his sister when she first sees E.T. in an effort to keep her from telling their mother about the alien. "Give me a break," she responds. But Elliott is right. His mother does *not* see E.T. until the bad government men come to experiment on him. She photographs him; practically trips over him on several occasions; but does not know of his existence. And she does not know because she is an adult.

This idea—that children are morally and spiritually superior to adults—is a peculiarly American madness; and it is the key to Spielberg's great success. It is, of course, profoundly wrong-headed. Children need to be protected by adults precisely because they do not understand how the world works, and need to be taught by example and experience. And example and experience are what builds character.

The attack on adulthood present in all Spielberg films since *Close Encounters* is odd, coming from a man who has had the kind of adult life that we all dream of having. Fame, success, the respect and even worship of his fellow man, and at very little cost; it would be good for children to emulate Spielberg, who made his adulthood fantastically worthwhile, and not secretly wish for an alien to give their lives a meaning it otherwise lacks before their lives have even begun. And Spielberg would do well to have a little less contempt for those of his contemporaries who have had a more difficult time than he. It's easy not to compromise when you have the world at your feet. □

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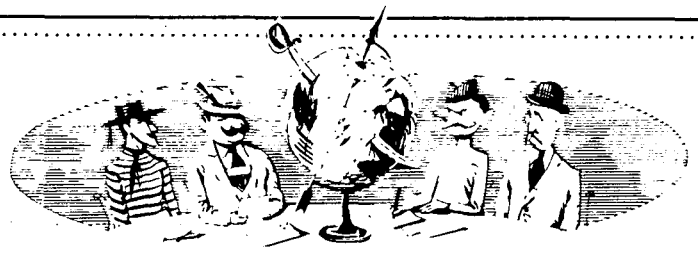

LECH IN LOTUSLAND

by William McGurn

Gdansk airport: Even the planes are run-down. In Poland for less than two hours, and already General Jaruzelski's state airline has managed to lose my one suitcase. In the lounge, a heavy-set LOT official sits drinking coffee and finishing a sticky *pączek*. A polite inquiry about my bag elicits a militant indifference; tomorrow perhaps. He turns back to his *pączek* with a gusto that implies the loss is *my* fault. Sad to say, I am intimidated enough that I almost believe him.

A year ago this time, Polish hopes were beginning to bud after the long winter of martial law. For one thing, the more than 600 jailed members of the outlawed trade union Solidarity were about to be released from prison under a general amnesty. Then, too, the government had agreed to a plan allowing the church to channel badly needed Western aid to Polish farmers, even passing special legislation to smooth the way. Official talk was of economic reform and Poland's joining the International Monetary Fund. The "war" on Polish lips appeared to be winding down.

But during an evening among a group of Solidarity people in a Gdansk workers' project, I hear a different story. The year has brought many changes, they say, all bad. There was the murder of Father Popieluszko, of course, and the subsequent trial of Polish security officers that the regime turned into an attack on the church. An older academic there spoke of his memories of Stalinism; another cited the declining standard of living in Poland, the country's staggering debt, and the Jaruzelski regime's intention to use IMF-sponsored "reforms" to increase its grip on society. They note that the trumpeted Western aid for farmers has never been permitted to get off the ground. Over thick black coffee, the men talk about the need for the West to stick by them, especially on the little things. Most of all, they emphasize the clouds on the horizon: Jaruzelski is hunkering down.

Early the next afternoon (still sans a change of clothes), I am waiting by a statue of the Pope outside St. Brygida's Church, a short walk from the Lenin Shipyards and the three-crosses monument to the Polish workers killed during the 1970 food-price protests. Dariusz Filar, who speaks perfect English, brings me inside to meet Lech Walesa. There is no mistaking the room for anything but a rectory; deep reds compete with heavy black-wood furniture that no woman would ever tolerate. Filar explains that Walesa is being interviewed by a man from Columbia Pictures regarding a made-for-T.V. movie about Walesa's life; I'm free to sit in and ask any questions of my own. He mentions too that Walesa is tired, from the pain-killers he is taking for a foot problem.

To my surprise, and in contrast to news photos that often make him seem otherwise, Walesa looks neat, trim, and alert. He is wearing a blue shirt and a brown sweater, over the left breast of which is pinned a miniature of the icon of the Virgin of Czestochowa. The producer, Ralph Andrews, is about halfway through a list of questions for columnist Jack Anderson.

"I do not consider myself a 'thorn,'" says Walesa in reply to one question, concerning his relationship with the government.

"I was elected by 10 million people," he continues. "That gives me some right to represent them. I am ready for the battle of arguments. I'll even accept apologizing."

There follow a few other queries, about Polish membership in the IMF, about the possibility of a benefit telethon in the states. Then Andrews—who with his shaved head and open silk shirt looks every bit the film producer—pulls out his own questions and fidgets with his tape recorder. The various Solidarity members in the room whisper; occasionally they take a peep out the window. Father Henryk

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Jankowski, whose rectory this is, wears an expression of granite. On the chair behind Andrews rests a clump of light-brown hair that at first glance appears a napping cat. In fact, it turns out to be a wig Andrews used to elude the police on his drive up from Warsaw.

Mr. Andrews is now ready to begin. The conversation of the next few hours reads like a transcript from "The Newlywed Game."

"At what age, Lech, did you discover girls?"

This is merely a warmup. The mood is set, the tempo day-time television. The next question is read slowly, emphatically, for benefit of the home audience. "How did you feel on your wedding night?" he asks. "Nervous—confident—or hesitant?"

Sports, always a crowd-pleaser, also comes up. The Solidarity president mentions soccer, and says he was a goalie. "That's where they always stick the Fat Kid," grins Andrews pleasantly, looking to the rest of us. Yes, adds Walesa, but you have to have fast hands. Father Jankowski and the others shuffle a bit, doubtless suspecting they are losing something in the translation.

Puffing on his cigarettes, Walesa himself seems amused. It must be a break from having to have a one-line solution for every Polish problem. The detachment of police assigned to follow him wait outside; they would be gravely disappointed to learn what these Westerners were up to. Andrews mentions in passing that the film will be called "Lech" and that he is hoping to have Michael Douglas in the lead role. Any publicity, of course, would be appreciated.

Then the commercial break is over. "Where do you expect to be in 10 years, 20 years, and what are your hopes for the future?" he continues.

"What is your favorite television show?"

"What day or evening gave you the most fun in the past three or four years?"

On it goes, for perhaps an hour, with Walesa occasionally showing effects of the medication he is taking. I have a few questions of my own, on labor, the Pope, the fortieth anniversary of World War II. When I point to the Czestochowa icon on his breast, he becomes animated, struggling in his chair despite his bandaged foot. "We want to give a spiritual dimension to work," he says. "Conditions forced us to look for solutions in our values—we are very grateful for those values. In other countries this is not always so. You notice in your own societies sometimes this emptiness." I note that this is how John Paul II talks of work.

"Of course," says Walesa, "he is a Pole."

Shortly thereafter, Andrews was interrogated by the police and ordered to leave the country. He did manage to smuggle out some tapes, and a complete transcript of the Popieluszko murder trial. It might make a good film.

In the meantime, other priests reported being attacked, including one, Father Tadeusz Zaleski, who had the Solidarity V-for-victory symbol burned into his skin. Still later three Solidarity members were convicted in a Gdansk trial, with Walesa himself threatened with similar prosecution. At the same time the money Solidarity raised from its dues was turned over to the new, government-sanctioned unions, while the government itself appears to have granted several million dollars in credits to the Soviet Union. In July the government raised the price of meat, and Solidarity called a 15-minute strike.

On the bright side, we shall soon see a teenage Lech Walesa having his first kiss, courtesy of American T.V. □

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BOOK REVIEWS

NICARAGUA: A REVOLUTION IN THE FAMILY

Shirley Christian/Random House/$19.95

Joshua Muravchik

Although Nicaragua has been the most important foreign policy issue for the United States the last few years, few books have been written about it. This presumably is one of the reasons why debate about U.S. policy has been so mired in ignorance. At one critical juncture, House Speaker Tip O'Neill told the national press corps several times that he was determined to leave this problem in the hands of "the Contradora." Who knows what the Speaker thought "the Contradora" was. (*Contadora* is the name of the resort where representatives of Mexico, Panama, Venezuela, and Colombia first met to try to mediate Central American conflicts.) Most likely he didn't care what it was; he just knew what it wasn't. It wasn't the anti-Sandinista "Contra," the destruction of which has become something of an obsession with O'Neill, who never before showed much interest in foreign policy issues.

Whether, to paraphrase Mark Twain, the larger problem with O'Neill is what he doesn't know about Nicaragua or what he knows for sure that just ain't so, is hard to say. According to the *New York Times*, the Speaker relies for his information about Central America on the Maryknoll order, the Catholic order that has been most manifestly and consistently supportive of the Sandinistas. During the years when the Sandinistas were struggling to take power, the Maryknoll publishing house was headed by a secret FSLN member, Miguel D'Escoto, who has been Nicaragua's Foreign Minister since the Sandinistas' takeover. If the revelation of D'Escoto's secret allegiance made his Maryknoll colleagues or superiors feel that they had been used, they have not let on, and relations between the order and the Sandinistas have been every bit as intimate as before.

D'Escoto and O'Neill symbolize an essential ingredient in the Sandinistas' spectacular rise from a band numbering in the hundreds as late as 1977 to Nicaragua's absolute rulers in 1979. That ingredient was their audacious, relentless, and carefully calculated use of deception, which relied for its success on North American ignorance of Nicaragua's past and present.

This mixture of deception and ignorance constituted a fertile medium for the growth of numerous myths about Nicaragua. Now Shirley Christian, a Pulitzer Prize-winning correspondent who covered Nicaragua for the *Miami Herald* and has since moved on to the *New York Times*, has written a book which should help to dispel much of the ignorance. It provides a solid journalistic account of the overthrow of Anastasio Somoza Debayle and of the first five years of Sandinista rule. The facts Christian has collected will refute many of the myths. Here are some of the more important ones:

The Sandinistas are nationalists first, and Communists, if at all, only second. In fact the Sandinistas' nationalism is derivative of their Communism. What, after all, does their nationalism consist of? Not of attachment to Nicaraguan traditions. The Sandinistas are most vociferous in proclaiming their determination to forge a "new Nicaragua" populated by "new men." Their nationalism consists of little more than anti-Yanquism, hardly a unique sentiment in Latin America, but one which in this case flows less from national pride than from their Leninist analysis that tells them that the United States is the bastion of world "imperialism." Hence the Sandinista anthem which proclaims the Yanqui the enemy not of Latin independence, but of "mankind."

Christian reports that Carlos Fonseca, the principal founder of the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN), "spent much of 1957 in the Soviet Union and East Germany and wrote a booklet, *A Nicaraguan in Moscow*, that depicted the Soviet system as a future model for Latin America." During the latter stages of its uprising against the National Guard, a large component of the FSLN's fighters were not Nicaraguans at all, but "internationalists," foreign revolutionaries who flocked to Nicaragua to take part in a battle which they and their FSLN hosts regarded as transnational.

Just a sample of the many roles played by Cuba in the "new Nicaragua" will reinforce the point. Within six weeks after the Sandinistas seized power, Christian writes, "Nicaraguan children of secondary school age were leaving regularly in groups of a hundred or more to study on the Isle of Youth, where Cuban authorities created two schools for 1,200 Nicaraguan students." In addition, "Cubans took a leading role in reorganizing the educational system in Nicaragua. . . . Cuba also provided 'technical aid' to FSLN radio and television and the national university, but most of the aid consisted of personnel—professors, scriptwriters, programming experts. . . ." Former junta member Alfonso Robelo told Christian that "when he visited [Interior Minister] Tomas Borge, he had noted that the chief of Borge's personal bodyguard detachment was a Cuban." When, two years after the Sandinistas' victory, their most prominent non-Communist leader, Eden Pastora, went into exile, he was tricked by some Panamanians into a secret meeting with Borge, who promptly took him to Cuba where he was kept for some time under a form of house arrest. This Cuban aid does not mean that the country is ruled by foreigners. It is ruled by Nicaraguans, but Nicaraguans whose allegiance is not to the nation but to a cause higher than the nation.

The Sandinistas and their supporters frequently recite stunning statistics of the dead and injured in the 1979 civil war and attribute the bloodshed to Somoza's National Guard, which did, in fact, often use disproportionate and indiscriminate force. Now Christian reveals that, in talks with U.S. diplomats on June 19, Somoza agreed to resign. No quick settlement could be reached, however, largely because the Sandinistas would not agree to any compromise formula that would have compelled them to share real power with other anti-Somocistas in post-Somoza Nicaragua. They preferred to see the war continue. And so it did for another month, during which the largest toll of death and destruction

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was taken. The willingness to see their country suffer merely in order to aggrandize their own power is perhaps the truest measure of the Sandinistas' nationalism.

The Sandinista revolution received little if any material aid from the Communist bloc, relying instead on weapons captured from the National Guard, purchased on the open market, or donated by democratic Latin governments. This line was put out by the Sandinistas themselves, reinforced by numerous categorical statements by Cuban spokesmen, and capped off by a pithy quotation allegedly spoken by Castro to the Sandinistas and repeated in numerous news stories and scholarly articles: "The best help I can give you is not to help you." This, it turns out, was all an elaborate bit of disinformation.

The Sandinistas' arms and supplies were entering Nicaragua largely through Costa Rica. They were flown into Costa Rica from Panama. News stories at the time occasionally traced the flow back to Panama, and questions were raised about the effect this might have on the Panama Canal treaties. But now Christian reveals that Panama was itself a cover, merely a transfer point for matériel whose origin was Cuba. She says that at least sixty flights made their way to Costa Rica during Somoza's last seven months, all but a few originating in Cuba. During the last six weeks of fighting, Christian writes, the Panamanian cover was discarded and an additional million pounds of matériel was flown directly from Cuba to Costa Rica.

The FSLN comprises three factions, one of which, the "Terceristas," were not Communists, but some kind of democratic socialists. Even today it is hoped that this more "moderate" wing will somehow assert itself and make possible a compromise solution to Nicaragua's internecine conflict. But, as Christian explains, "these factions had to do with strategies for reaching power, not methods of governing."

It is true that the Terceristas recruited non-Communists as combatants, but they were never admitted to the FSLN's top ranks. The most famous of these recruits was Eden Pastora, but when Pastora's backers proposed that he be added to the FSLN's nine-member national directorate, the proposal was rejected, according to some reports, on the express instructions of Castro.

The true colors of the "moderate" Terceristas are made devastatingly clear in a speech given to Sandinista army officers in 1981 by Humberto Ortega, of which Christian provides unexpurgated (and unauthorized) excerpts. Humberto and his brother Daniel, bear in mind, are the two paramount leaders of the Terceristas.

> . . . Our revolution has a profoundly anti-imperialist character, profoundly revolutionary, profoundly classist; we are anti-Yankee, we are against the bourgeoisie, we are inspired by the historic traditions of our people, we are inspired by *sandinismo*, which is the most beautiful tradition of this people, developed by Carlos Fonseca, we are guided by the scientific doctrine of the revolution, by Marxism-Leninism.
>
> We are saying that Marxism-Leninism is the scientific doctrine that guides our revolution, the instrument of analysis of our Vanguard for understanding [the revolution's] historic process and for carrying out the revolution; *sandinismo* is the concrete expression of the historical development of the fight in Nicaragua. Without *sandinismo* we cannot be Marxist-Leninists, and *sandinismo* without Marxism-Leninism cannot be revolutionary. For that reason they are indissolubly united and for that reason our moral force is *sandinismo*, our political force is *sandinismo*, and our doctrine is Marxism-Leninism.

It was hostility from the United States that has driven the Sandinistas into the arms of Cuba and the Communist world. Christian reports that "the first contingent [of Cuban personnel] arrived on July 25, [1979,] just eight days after Somoza fled. Although it was not said publicly at the time, the first Cuban military and security advisers also arrived. By November the State Department estimated that there were about two hundred Cubans performing military and security functions in Nicaragua, and Panamanian military information substantiated that."

As for the initial U.S. response to the new regime, Christian writes that U.S. Ambassador Lawrence Pezzullo, a new appointee who was not associated with United States support for Somoza,

> began his work with the new regime with a positive attitude. "We had made a decision right at the beginning that you didn't have many options in dealing with a situation like this," he said later. "A regime had fallen, a new government was coming in. The country was in an economic state of chaos, exhaustion. . . . You either took a positive position of trying to be helpful and trying to build a new relationship or you'd be sitting around wringing your hands forever." . . .
>
> This policy required a lot of turning the other cheek on the part of the U.S. Embassy because, in a country where anti-Americanism and xenophobia had previously been almost nonexistent, the Sandinista *comandantes* and their propaganda organs were suddenly making the United States the main culprit for everything that they found wrong with the world. . . .
>
> . . . [A]fter being received by President Carter at the White House [a couple of months after the Sandinistas took power], [Daniel] Ortega went to the United Nations General Assembly in New York and delivered a plea for international aid to rebuild Nicaragua; but he coupled it with a series of pronouncements on international issues that were anti-United States, anti-Chinese, and pro-Soviet.

None of this stanched the flow of U.S. aid to revolutionary Nicaragua, but eventually the strong evidence of significant Sandinista aid to guerrillas in El Salvador did. Not, however, before $128 million in U.S. economic aid had been delivered, according to Christian's figures.

Latin Americans are bound to have a better understanding of realities in Latin American countries than North Americans. This belief is what gives so much appeal to such bodies as the Contadora group, despite its manifest failure to make any useful contribution. In a psychological or cultural sense it is probably true, but in a political sense it is doubtful. U.S. policies toward Nicaragua in the period leading up to Somoza's overthrow were feckless and guided too often by wishful thinking. But U.S. naiveté was nothing compared to that of other Latin leaders and even of Nicaraguans themselves.

Without help from Panamanian, Costa Rican, and Venezuelan leaders, the Sandinistas could not have seized power, and yet none of these other Latins wanted a Communist Nicaragua, and all were distressed to see what they had wrought. They had wanted to use the Sandinistas to oust Somoza, hoping that somehow this would lead to a democratic Nicaragua. Their hatred of Somoza, justified though it may have been, robbed them of their reason. It did the same for many democratic-minded Nicaraguans.

Christian quotes from an interview she held with Ramiro Gurdian, leader of a group of private growers at odds with the Sandinista regime:

> I asked Gurdian what he, as someone not politically involved at the time, had expected when the new government took power in mid-1979.
>
> "I thought that we were going to have a free society, with a free press, with elections, with a very good legal system in which the Supreme Court was going to have power for the first time."
>
> Why did he believe this?
>
> "Because I saw so many other democratic countries supporting it, all the Andean Pact countries, Costa Rica, the United States, also *La Prensa*, the archbishop, the Church, Alfonso Robelo, Eden Pastora. So I thought, if the United States and [former Venezuelan president] Carlos Andres Perez are backing this revolution, how can it be wrong? I mean, they are respectable people, and they must know, I thought, what is going on. But I learned my lesson. They didn't know what was going on."

Gurdian's inclusion of the United States on this list is not quite accurate, except as it applies to the U.S. embrace of the new government once it took

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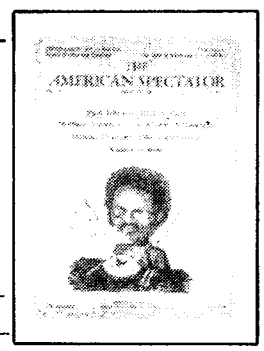

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power. In the preceding weeks, U.S. diplomacy had aimed, albeit in vain, to dilute Sandinista power in the coming post-Somoza government in favor of the democratic opposition. But Gurdian is right about the rest of the list. Indeed, U.S. diplomacy came to naught in part because almost none of the Latins, Nicaraguans or others, would cooperate with the United States in resisting the Sandinista blueprint. However fuzzy the Carter crowd was, they were hard-headed realists compared to the Latins.

The "contra" rebellion against Sandinista rule, and by extension U.S. support for the rebels, serves only to heighten Sandinista repression of the Nicaraguan people. This is no doubt true in part. The Sandinistas have recently taken to forcibly removing whole communities of their citizens from their native locales (in addition to the Miskitos and other tribes removed earlier), for purposes of counterinsurgency. Obviously, if there were no insurgency, these cruel steps would serve no purpose. (Although in the case of the Indians, the Sandinistas still might fear that their tightknit tribal bonds make them dangerously impervious to state control.)

On the other hand, the Sandinistas use the insurgency as an excuse for repressive measures that have little relation to it. Their press censorship restricts reporting not just on subjects related to the rebel war but on anything embarrassing to the Sandinistas, such as shortages of common commodities. Given their Leninist convictions, repression comes naturally to them, and it is more plausible to believe that only the pressure presented by the insurgency and the need to minimize international support for it deters the Sandinistas from more thorough repression.

When the Sandinistas came to power, for example, the vast holdings of land they expropriated from Somoza and others would have been sufficient in that thinly populated country to make available a significant parcel to every needy peasant. Instead, guided by ideology, the Sandinistas used the land to create state farms and state-guided cooperatives. Christian writes:

> As the *Contra* movement grew through 1983 and 1984, it drew its rank and file from two sources in the northern mountains: peasants attracted by promises of land in their own names and small independent farmers who feared that their land would be confiscated or that they would be brought under state control in some other way, such as being forced into a state-run cooperative. The nervous government reacted to the lure of the *Contra* by putting more and more emphasis on individual ownership rather than setting up new state farms and cooperatives, but agrarian reform officials made clear that the trend toward granting individual ownership was a temporary measure to be terminated once the insurgency had ended.

Although they may not bring liberty, the Sandinistas do succeed in bringing a measure of "justice" or social improvements to the people they rule. Some social programs of the Sandinistas may be beneficial. Others serve merely propaganda or public relations purposes. But the most important purpose served by Sandinista social programs is to reinforce the power of the regime. Thus, Christian says, "the Sandinista agricultural program concentrated on the ideological formation of peasants and small landowners and their acceptance of the FSLN view of things." Among urban workers, the Sandinistas moved to create their own labor federation, under which "strikes are forbidden . . . as were, for the most part, wage increases." Educational reforms were directed toward indoctrination, as were the texts used in the much vaunted literacy campaign which, says Christian, left its graduates with "skills equivalent to only the first year or two of primary school, such as signing their names and reading a primer with a limited vocabulary." ▶

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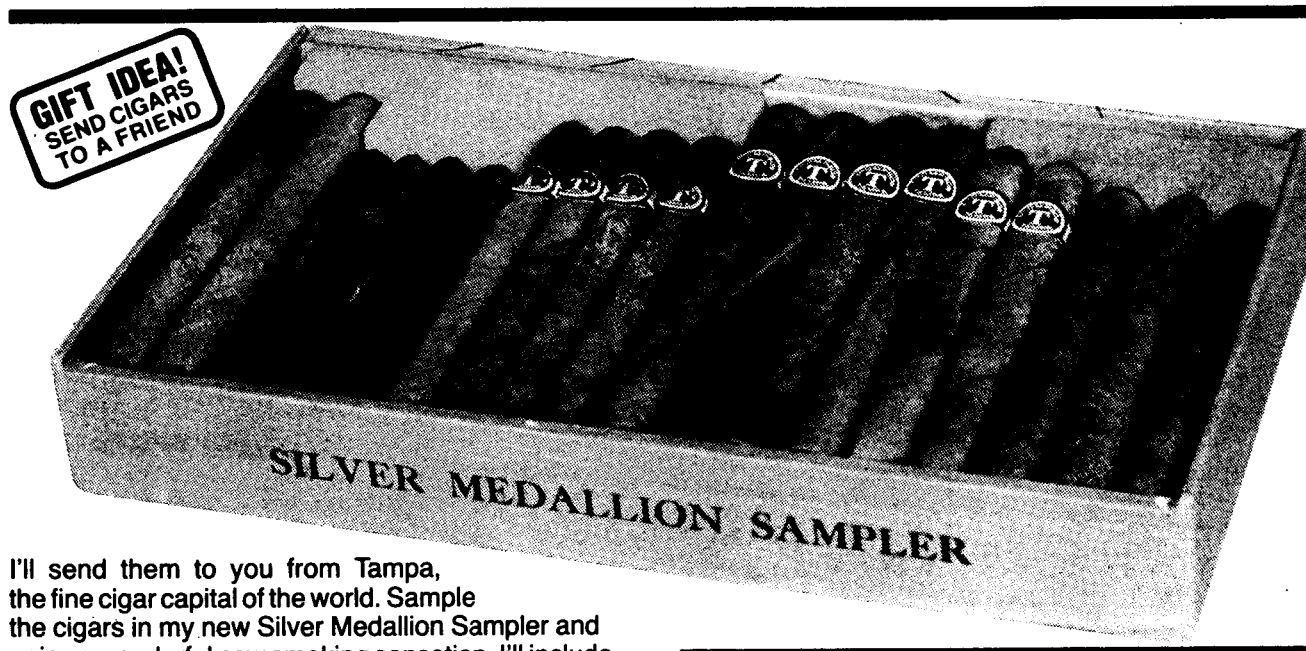

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There is an important Christian component to the Sandinista revolution. The Christian component in the Sandinista revolution consists of little more than the Sandinistas' willingness to accept the support of those Christians, many of them non-Nicaraguans, who are willing to subordinate religion to the Communist political program of the Sandinistas.

A glimpse of Sandinista attitudes is afforded by a secret document excerpted by Christian (alas without giving her source) in which the FSLN leadership explained to Sandinista cadres its decision during its first December in office not to try to eradicate Christmas. "To confront a tradition of more than 1,979 years in a direct manner, in these moments, less than five months after the triumph, would carry us into political conflicts and we would lose influence among our people," it said. Nonetheless, according to the document, Sandinista policy on Christmas did not aim "to reinforce a tradition, particularly a religious one," but rather "to transform it" by attempting to give it "a different, fundamentally political, content."

Revolutionary Nicaragua has become a magnet for a highly politicized kind of international ecumenical activism. Whether this serves God's will is for Him to say. But obviously it serves the regime's. Thus while the Catholic hierarchy has been a center of resistance to Sandinista rule, a pro-Sandinista "People's Church" has been promoted by the regime. Its unofficial headquarters, the "Valdivieso Center," is underwritten, Christian discovered, by the primarily Protestant and ideologically left World Council of Churches.

Something of the nature of the World Council and the reasons why the Sandinistas welcome its brand of ecumenism is illustrated by an anecdote Christian tells about Nicaragua's Permanent Commission on Human Rights, the highly respected independent body that fought against human rights violations under Somoza and later under the Sandinistas:

> In April 1979, before the fall of Somoza, Gonzalez [then head of the Permanent Commission] had gone to Geneva to the headquarters of the World Council of Churches and been received "with smiles and *abrazos*" by the Reverend Charles R. Harper, Jr., head of the Human Rights Resources Offices on Latin America. Gonzalez left with $15,000 in assistance, part of what he understood to be a commitment for $43,000. In May 1980, after ten months of Sandinista rule, Gonzalez went back to Geneva and was told that there would be no further payment to the Permanent Commission. The reason he was given, Gonzalez said, was that human rights was now guaranteed by the government in Nicaragua. Reverend Harper confirmed to me several years later that the member churches had decided there was no compelling reason to continue support for the Permanent Commission after the fall of Somoza, but said there had never been a formal pledge for additional financial aid.

Shirley Christian's book may not be the last word on recent Nicaraguan history—no contemporaneous study ever is—but it will serve splendidly to make the crucial outlines of that history readily accessible to all North Americans who are interested in it. There is simply no longer any excuse for the kind of voluble ignorance typified by Tip. As for U.S. policy toward Nicaragua there is, as in all situations, room for people of good will to disagree. But with the publication of this book, there is much less room to disagree about the nature of the Sandinista movement or the direction in which it is determined to take Nicaragua. □

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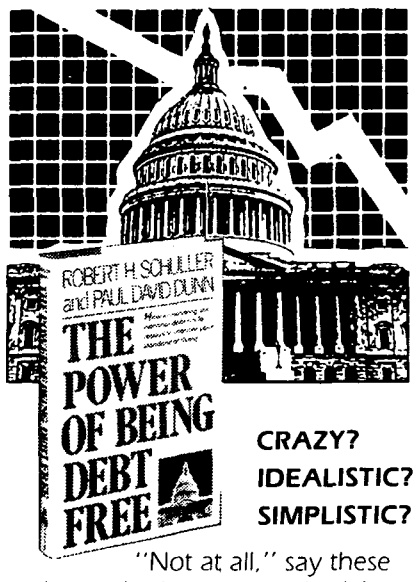

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A VIETCONG MEMOIR: AN INSIDE ACCOUNT OF THE VIETNAM WAR AND ITS AFTERMATH
Truong Nhu Tang, with David Chanoff and Doan Van Toai/
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/$17.95

Henrik Bering-Jensen

On September 1, 1978, a leaky old river boat full of near-starving Vietnamese refugees reached an oil exploration station off the coast of Malaysia. After intense deliberations, the refugees were given permission to climb aboard to await further passage to the U.N. refugee camp on Galang Island. Among the passengers was Truong Nhu Tang, one of the founders of the National Liberation Front and a minister of justice in the Provisional Revolutionary Government, the highest ranking Vietcong official yet to flee his country. Now living in Paris, Mr. Tang has written his memoirs; in them he concentrates on the political side of the conflict and in the process reveals major power struggles within the Vietcong, tensions the West has known very little about. Essentially his is the tale of a revolution betrayed, of how the South helped bring about its own destruction.

Tang's story begins amidst the general break-up of the old empires after the Second World War. Though a member of the privileged bourgeoisie and a product of French education, Tang experienced the first stirrings of nationalist sentiment in the anti-French riots in Saigon in August 1945. The following year he was sent to study in Paris, where he was introduced to Ho Chi Minh, who was in town to negotiate with the French (unsuccessfully, as it turned out). Tang was completely won over by Ho's vision of a unified Vietnam devoid of foreign influence. Tang changed his studies from pharmacy to politics and stayed on in Paris to arouse public resistance to France's colonial policies.

When Tang returned permanently to Saigon in 1955 after an added stint at the French School of Naval Supply in Toulon, it was to an independent but divided Vietnam, with Ho ruling the North and the playboy king Bao Dai and his prime minister Ngo Dinh Diem (who soon ousted Dai) controlling the South. Earlier that year America had begun to take over where France had left off, funneling aid directly to Saigon and agreeing to train the South Vietnamese army. To Tang the growing American involvement meant the increased likelihood of a permanent division of his country, as part of the larger East-West confrontation. His hatred of the French was therefore transferred to the Americans and their puppet Diem (as the vernacular of the period had it).

According to Tang, the fierce nationalism that gripped him at the time was more a xenophobic patriotism than a coherent set of political beliefs. He declared himself willing to accept the help of almost any regime to rid the

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country of strangers. In so doing, he made the crucial mistake of believing that the Leninism Ho subscribed to was likewise a matter of convenience rather than conviction. Consequently he paid little attention to the 900,000 people who had come south after the Geneva Accords with their grim testimony about people's justice and forced collectivization. Most were Catholics, after all, and could be expected to disagree with Ho's regime.

These years, then, saw the beginnings of the organized underground resistance that in time was to turn into the National Liberation Front, the political arm of the insurgents. And in Diem the Vietcong had the ideal opponent; proud and self-willed, he ignored American advice that he come to terms with his non-Communist opponents. Diem's ability to alienate whole segments of the population was indeed extraordinary: the Buddhists, the middle classes, the peasants. But of course other factors played a part too. For instance, it did not help Diem's position when the head of his crucial Strategic Hamlet Program turned out to be a Vietcong spy and Tang's friend.

The NLF was formally set up in 1960. Its stated goal was a pluralistic national government, neutral and non-aligned, and it envisioned a peaceful reunification process that respected the right of national minorities to autonomy. Otherwise the emphasis was on civil rights, land reform, and social welfare. The plan was clearly devised to have the broadest possible appeal, Tang ascribing the fancy artwork to Ho Chi Minh himself. Symbolically the idea was expressed in the NLF flag with its blue and red halves and the yellow star in the middle, signifying the two halves of the nation unified in their common aim. At this point, Tang saw no reason to worry overmuch about the political differences between the parties involved. Their success depended on their ability to work together, and the traditional Vietnamese emphasis on personal ties and family was thought to offer sufficient guarantee against betrayal.

By the fall of 1963, Diem's stubbornness had assumed such proportions that the situation was no longer tolerable. The United States gave its reluctant assent to a coup to remove Diem. But Diem's death only made things worse, as one military government replaced another with tiresome regularity—"this coup shit," as an exasperated Lyndon Johnson so aptly called it. Sixteen months later, South Vietnam's internal chaos had reached a stage where only direct American intervention could save the country. On March 8, 1965 U.S. Marines waded ashore at Danang. Tang sees the NLF's inability to discourage the U.S. from stepping in as its greatest failure in the sixties.

Against overwhelming U.S. military superiority, the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese developed their own three-pronged response, carefully integrating their military, political, and diplomatic moves. Fighting and talking, talking and fighting, as the strategy was known. As Tang points out, this approach allowed them to see battles as psychological events and later to use negotiations to improve their military position. It is of course interesting to compare this approach with that of the Americans, whose military and diplomatic efforts tend to be treated as separate and unrelated.

The Vietcong strategy bore its first fruit after the 1968 Tet offensive, when a military catastrophe was turned into a political and strategic victory. But the NLF had been devastated in the South during Tet, and was now too openly controlled by the North. A strong effort was necessary to re-establish the autonomous and broad-based image of the southern movement and to allay the widespread fears that a Vietcong victory might turn into a blood bath. (The massacres in Hue gave good reason for concern.) Furthermore, the NLF needed to counter the new Nixon Vietnamization policy. The so-called Alliance of National, Democratic, and Peace Forces had already been established in 1968, stressing the importance of a slow and deliberate reunification that would respect the economic, social, and cultural differences between North and South. In 1969 the Provisional Revolutionary Government, in which Tang was named minister of justice, was launched with great fanfare. Still the motto was "more friends, fewer foes." And had not Pham Van Dong, the North Vietnamese prime minister, repeatedly assured the world that "no one has this stupid and criminal idea of annexing the South"?

Despite these carefully constructed facades, strains were developing between the southern revolutionaries and their northern cousins, strains which grew steadily in the early 1970s as the emphasis shifted from the political and psychological arena to the battlefield. Increasingly, the southerners were treated as second-class revolutionaries, their functions taken over by North Vietnamese cadres. Tang cites occasions when Saigon's intellectual elite had to sit through long seminars on the true relationship between patriotism and Communism, brutal and demeaning sessions employing all the classic Communist interrogation techniques.

Tang's revelations therefore throw an interesting light on North Vietnam's eventual "concessions" in the Paris negotiations. It was considered a major victory, for instance, when chief negotiator Le Duc Tho dropped his demands for Thieu's ouster and for the formation of an immediate coalition government, two points the North Vietnamese had so far declared unnegotiable. But as Tang remarks, though this would have gotten rid of the Thieu regime in one stroke, it would also have entailed sharing power with the southern nationalists. The prospect of seeing their monopoly on nationalism broken in the last minute understandably did not appeal to the Communists. Furthermore, Hanoi's two main objectives had already been assured: the withdrawal of American forces and the permanent presence of the North Vietnamese army on South Vietnamese soil.

Consequently, when after the fall of Saigon the Provisional Revolutionary Government assumed power in the South, it was not as an internationally recognized government, but a government "riding on the back of the North Vietnamese army's tiger, precarious and tentative guests in their own house." It had become an encumbrance that had to be dealt with once and for all—or as it was put in Party parlance, "a new phase had been entered."

A foretaste of what this meant was given at the victory parade in Saigon two weeks after the city's "liberation": endless rows of North Vietnamese regulars passing the reviewing stand in their brand new uniforms, followed by a few sickly companies of tattered Vietcong guerrillas under a red flag with a single yellow star, the flag of North Vietnam. "The army has already been unified," Tang was informed by the North Vietnamese general standing next to him. →

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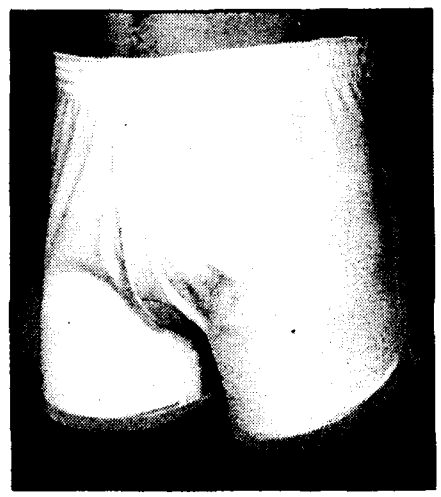

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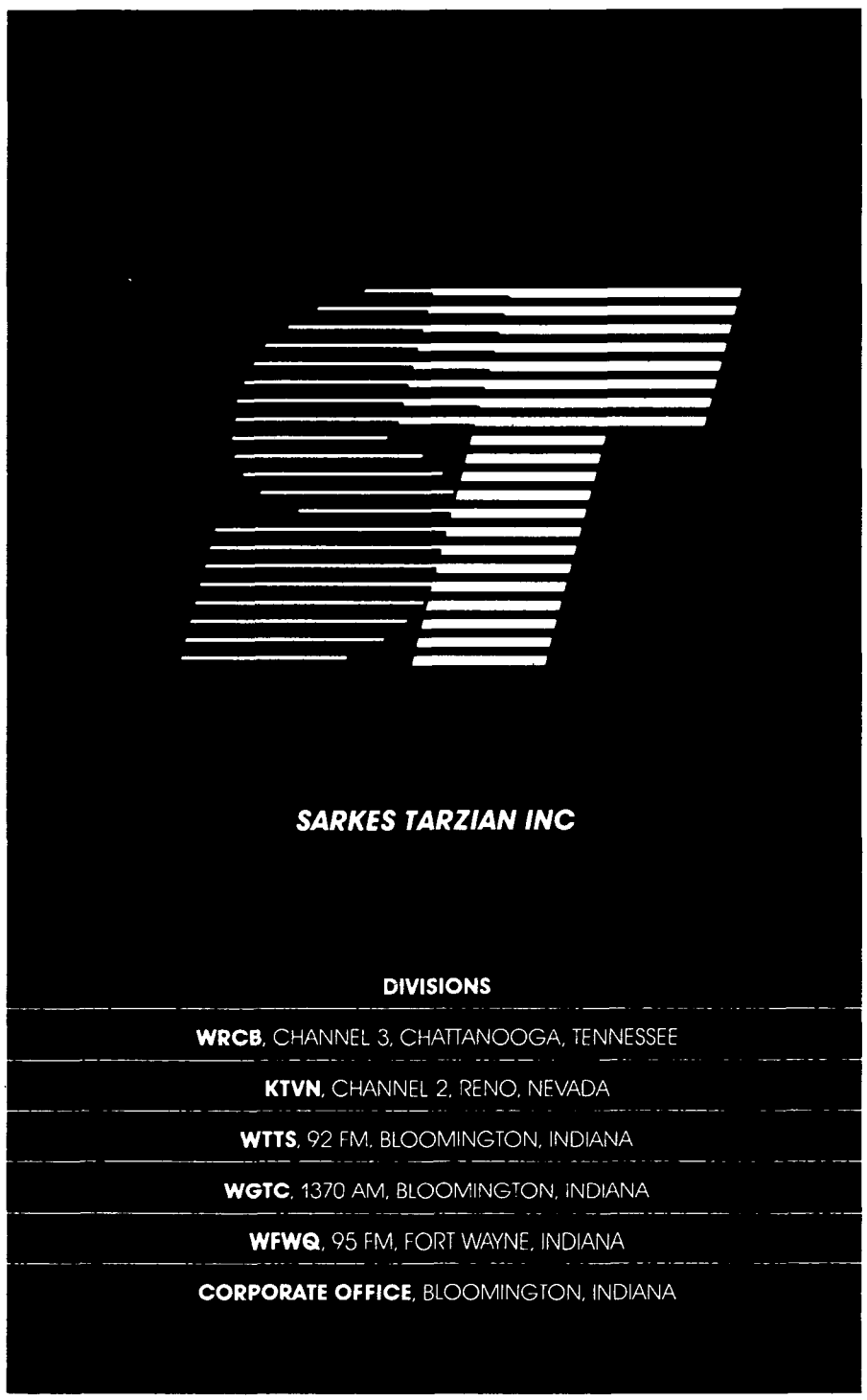
In the policy discussions that followed, the southerners were simply pushed aside. When one of Tang's colleagues sarcastically suggested a funeral celebration for the movement, the North Vietnamese politely obliged. Tang's description of the scenes in Rex Dance Hall, the site of the southern revolution's final humiliation, are especially poignant: In this notorious den of sin the southern conspirators held their final gathering, knowing full well that the game was over. Everything they had fought for was lost; their policies of concord and reconciliation, which had sold so well abroad, were abandoned. Arbitrary arrests and confiscations were the order of the day, and the one-month "re-education" program for former government supporters was prolonged indefinitely. (One of Tang's brothers remains imprisoned to this day.) According to Tang, it was as if the country had been invaded by a swarm of hungry locusts, devouring everything in sight. No wonder Tang and his associates were looked upon as traitors for having let them in.

As to foreign policy, the new Vietnam sided with the Soviets in the Sino-Soviet dispute and immediately embarked on an aggressive course against its neighbors. So much for the notions of neutrality and non-alignment of the original declarations.

Despite his refusal to serve in the new unified government and despite his seeming candor, it is hard to feel any great sympathy for Tang himself. From the book he emerges as a representative of an overweening community of Saigon intellectuals who believed they could use the support of the Communists in the North to further their own cause. Instead they ended up being used themselves, and thereby brought great harm upon their country. As the book progresses it becomes increasingly hard to reconcile Tang's cool and dispassionate exposition of revolutionary strategy with his professed naiveté about ultimate Communist intentions.

Nevertheless, the book is extremely important because it confirms so many of the predictions of successive American administrations, who at the time were widely accused of misleading the public. Time and again the book bears out the validity of those warnings. Unfortunately it is ten years too late for Vietnam, and those who need most to learn its lessons are now busy propagating some of the same illusions about Central America. □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Karl O'Lessker

A striking feature of the great Star Wars debate is the difference in tone between supporters and opponents of the plan in the national security community. While proponents such as Daniel Graham, Colin Gray, and Robert Jastrow almost always present their case coolly and analytically, critics such as George Ball, Carl Sagan, and the legions of op-ed strategists seem unable to resist the use of sarcasm, invective, and intimations of apocalypse. Consider, for example, former undersecretary of state Ball's lengthy assault on Star Wars earlier this year in the *New York Review of Books*, where in the very first paragraph he characterized President Reagan's announcement of the Strategic Defense Initiative as "one of the most irresponsible acts by any head of state in modern times" before treating us to such slashing aperçus as "the President announced his decision with breathless awe," "the President's proposal did not seem bizarre to a public used to science fiction and conditioned by long exposure to Buck Rogers, *Star Trek*, and Darth Vader," "all this blathering," "all this mindless hustle and bustle," and much, much more.

It is also worth noting that while supporters of SDI make it a point to raise and to attempt to refute the arguments against their own position, opponents do so only rarely. (An honorable exception is an article in the July *Atlantic* by Robert McNamara and Hans Bethe.) Instead they continually, almost obsessively, restate their major contentions, oblivious to the factual and logical points that have been raised against them. They are perhaps at their most blatant on the issue of ballistic missile defense infallibility. Time and again they declare as if conclusively that no defense against Soviet ballistic missiles can be 100-percent perfect and thus no such defense is worth striving for. In other words, they refuse to address the perfectly straightforward, insistently repeated argument that, for one thing, no one has ever claimed a BMD could be made leakproof, and moreover, that in order to accomplish precisely what its proponents want it to, *it doesn't have to be.*

These reflections are prompted by the important new book by Robert Jastrow, *How To Make Nuclear Weapons Obsolete.* As everyone familiar with the debate knows, Jastrow is the single most influential proponent of SDI outside the government. With a Ph.D. in theoretical physics from Columbia University, postdoctoral study at Leiden, Berkeley, and the Institute for Advanced Studies at Princeton, and his former positions as founder of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies and chairman of its Lunar Exploration Committee, he has the kind of scientific credibility that makes things awfully sticky for SDI opponents. It's one thing to simper behind one's hand at what an ignoramus Ronald Reagan is, but quite another to patronize so eminent a scientist, writer, and administrator as Jastrow.

Not that he is *necessarily* right and opponents wrong about SDI. But one would suppose that simple prudence would impel critics to take his work seriously and to attempt to refute his arguments on the merits. All the more so in light of this new book, which is short and lucid enough for even the giants of the Nuclear Freeze and No First Use movements to comprehend.

Jastrow begins with a succinct description of the current strategic reality: The United States has *no*

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defense against ballistic missiles, indeed is prohibited by the ABM Treaty from developing one, and is thus vulnerable to devastation by the immense and growing Soviet rocket forces (a set of facts not known to most Americans, who, in their innocence, fondly believe that the government they pay all those taxes to is performing its bedrock function of protecting the nation against annihilation by an enemy).

These strategic circumstances lead to this familiar scenario: The Soviets could launch a disarming first strike against our land-based missiles, bomber and submarine bases, and command and control centers while sparing our major population centers, and then present our government with an ultimatum to the effect that if we refrain from retaliation with what's left of our badly depleted missile forces, they—with a huge number of nuclear warheads still poised to strike—will spare our cities. An American President would then be left with the choice of either surrendering or launching a retaliatory attack against Soviet cities, because submarine-launched ballistic missiles are not accurate enough to hit military targets. This would assuredly provoke a Soviet strike against ours. Would any President in those circumstances choose national suicide for the dubious pleasure of slaughtering tens of millions of ordinary Soviet citizens?

Defenders of the strategic status quo react to this scenario by arguing that the Soviet rulers—not being madmen—would never launch a first strike and leave the USSR vulnerable to our surviving nuclear submarines. But again, this ignores the distinction between missiles that can destroy missiles (and command and control centers) and those, of lower accuracy, that can destroy only large population centers. Put another way, the U.S. today is incapable of retaliating with a measured, proportionate strike against Soviet military targets.

This is not to say that the Soviets are at the moment coldly planning a bolt out of the blue. Under the best of circumstances a decision on either side to start a nuclear war must carry a burden of unprecedented risk. What most worries national security analysts is the possibility that the Soviets would be irresistibly tempted to launch a preemptive strike in the context of an escalating international crisis, one they felt was leading to war. A critical consideration here is the heavy emphasis Soviet military doctrine places on preemption. The voluminous literature on the subject is unequivocal: If there is to be a war, Soviet forces must strike first, with all the weapons at their command, at the enemy's war-making capacity. This is no longer, if it ever was, a subject for debate inside the USSR. It is settled doctrine.

But for the Balls and Bundys and McNamaras, this is all irrelevant. Still in thrall to their doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction (which Soviet military theorists dismiss with contempt, though it's supposed to be *mutual*), they simply ignore what the Soviets say about their intentions or else, like Paul Warnke, assure us it's only a matter of our needing to educate the poor brutes to their own self-interest.[1] The rest of us may be forgiven for thinking that we'd damned well better take seriously what the leaders of the world's largest army and most powerful nuclear strike forces say about their own intentions.

That at any rate is Robert Jastrow's point of departure for assessing the merits of SDI. It is an answer to *the* question of our age: What if deterrence fails? What if, despite all our threats of retaliatory mass destruction, crisis escalates to war? The only answer is strategic defense: We must be able to defend against—and in so doing deter—a Soviet pre-emptive first strike against our retaliatory forces and the command and control system that

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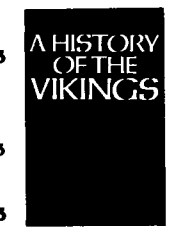

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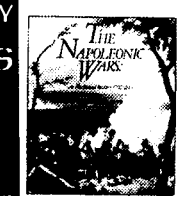

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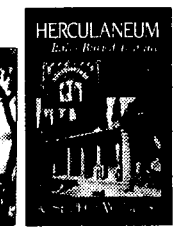

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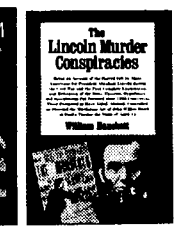

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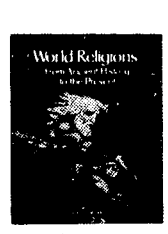

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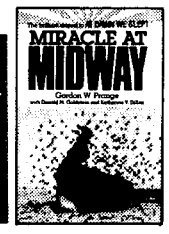

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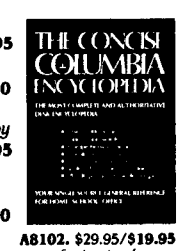

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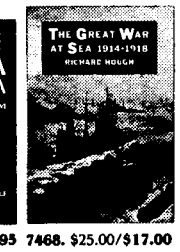

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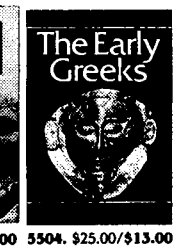

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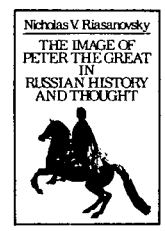

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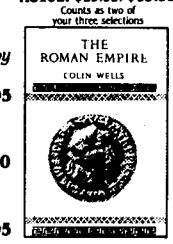

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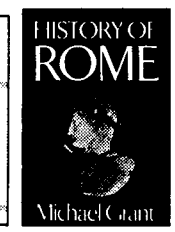

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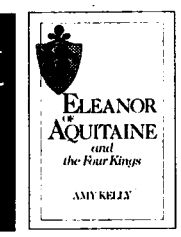

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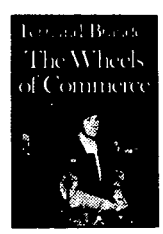

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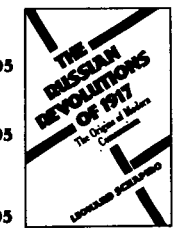

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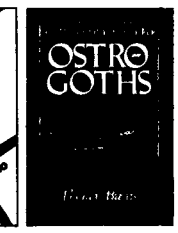

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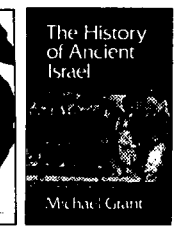

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operates them. Here we have the central purpose of SDI. For the Soviets, a pre-emptive first strike with a strong probability of destroying the major portion of America's retaliatory capability might prove, in a crisis, immensely tempting. But if a surprise attack would leave the U.S. with most of its strategic forces undamaged, it would almost certainly lose its attraction. In a word, the Soviets would be *deterred* from striking. And deterrence, after all, is the standard around which advocates of MAD and SDI alike have always gathered.

The reasonableness of this is self-evident to most of us, if not to even the most sophisticated opponents of SDI, and it is here that Robert Jastrow is indispensable. Critics ask: Is a reliable strategic defense technically feasible? Can we, in other words, deploy a missile defense that will actually do what it is supposed to do, and at a cost the nation can afford? With the Union of Concerned Scientists leading the charge, opponents of SDI have been insisting that the answer to both parts of the question is a resounding no. In testimony before Congress, in countless op-ed pieces, in an entire book published by one of the nation's most respected publishers, the UCS has traded heavily on its members' scientific credentials to try to convince the public that SDI is not only infeasible but chimerical—a staggeringly expensive boondoggle that can never work.

By contrast, the large number of scientists and engineers who are confident that SDI is feasible are virtually unknown to the general public. No "League of Confident Scientists" for them; no automatic access to the major media and to fashionable publishers. A magazine like *Newsweek* may quote them accurately enough but imply that these "Star Warriors" all have a personal financial stake in SDI. But with the two exceptions of Edward Teller and Robert Jastrow, they remain anonymous. Teller, unfortunately, has been displaying all the quirkiness of his genius by insisting on the development of the most exotic—and scariest—of technologies, an X-ray laser to be generated by atomic explosions in space. This may or may not be a perfectly brilliant concept. It is unquestionably a public relations disaster.

Which leaves Robert Jastrow as the most effective proponent we have for SDI. In his knowledge of the principal technological areas out of which missile defense will come, Jastrow yields nothing at all to Sagan, Garwin, or even Nobel laureate Hans Bethe (who, as Gregory Fossedal reports in the *Wall Street Journal*, has lately been dropping hints that the *scientific* objections to SDI might not be so well founded after all). Moreover, Jastrow is a gifted writer, a talent that stands him in good stead in the sections he devotes to explicating the more technical aspects of SDI—how it's supposed to work, the alternative technologies for enabling it to do so, responses to possible Soviet countermeasures, and the like. And so we learn about lasers and particle beams, satellites and smart bullets and electromagnetic railguns and a host of other defensive options, some of them deployable in the next couple of years, others decades off.

Especially valuable is Jastrow's handling of the countermeasures question. SDI opponents insist there can be no defense against ballistic missiles because the attacker can take cheap and easy countermeasures to foil the defense. These include everything from lots more warheads and a blizzard of

[1]I am not being smart-alecky. Here is what Warnke actually said while heading the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency: "In my view, this kind of thinking [i.e., Soviet doctrine that nuclear wars are winnable] is on a level of abstraction which is unrealistic. It seems to me that instead of talking in those terms, which would indulge what I regard as the primitive aspects of Soviet nuclear doctrine, we ought to try to educate them into the real world of strategic nuclear weapons. . . . "

Alphabet Soup

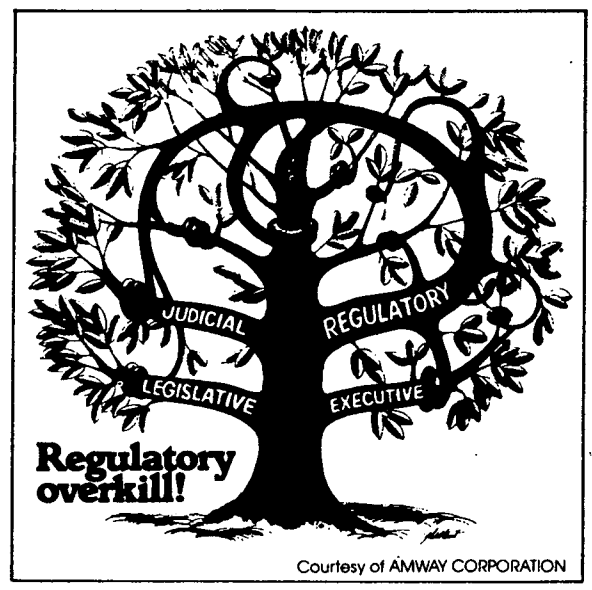
The textbooks will tell you, and most people believe, that Congress makes our laws. But experience suggests otherwise.

For example, the legislation which created the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA) was about 30 pages long. The regulations pumped out by the new agency ran to more than 800 pages, defining more than 4000 standards for achieving safety in the workplace and on the farm (including the warning to farmers, "Don't fall into manure pits").

Add to OSHA the FPC, SEC, FCC, EPA, CPSC, EEOC, FDA, ICC, FRA, FTC—over 130 agencies in all—and you begin to wonder who really makes our laws. Moreover, these agencies often enforce their laws and even settle disputes. In other words, they are all three branches of government rolled into one.

Approximately 150,000 bureaucrats, working deep in the bowels of the federal regulatory establishment, rule on everything from drug safety to the size of toilet partitions in public restrooms. The average fast-food hamburger, it has been determined, is subject to over 41,000 state and federal regulations, right down to the thickness of the pickle slices.

This mammoth bureaucracy has grown at an alarming rate. Between 1970 and 1979, 20 new regulatory agencies were created, the number of bureaucrats tripled, and expenditures grew six-fold. The Federal Register, which annually records all the new regulations which emanate from these agencies, grew from about



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22,000 pages in 1970 to 77,000 pages by the end of the decade.

In 1980, it cost taxpayers $8 billion merely to operate these agencies. More significant, it is estimated that the cost of complying with their dictates was a staggering $130 billion. And, of course, the consumer ultimately bore this cost, about $2,500 per family, in the increased price of goods and services.

No doubt, these people mean well and some good has come of their efforts. But so has a great deal of time and money been spent to comply with meddlesome and counterproductive regulations. It's time we weighed the benefits of regulation against costs. And decisions of this magnitude should again be made by elected representatives who are regularly accountable to taxpayers at the ballot box.

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decoys to spinning the rocket or shining its surface. Here again Dr. Jastrow's scientific credentials are helpful: When he talks, for example, of the thickness of the lead-shielding the Soviets would have to put on their rockets to protect them from the defense's particle beams (it would have to be much too thick and therefore add far too much weight to the rocket to make it practicable), Jastrow's stature as founder and first director of the Goddard Institute for Space Studies provides a powerful subtext to his argument.

Critics are likely to say that the book is altogether too elementary and facile in its treatment of complex strategic and technological issues. Certainly it is brief—fewer than 130 pages of text and notes, some of which looks suspiciously like padding (a couple of pages on the history of rockets, for example). And even non-scientists may be made uneasy by the, well, facile way in which Jastrow makes the development of complex new technologies seem merely a matter of time. It may indeed turn out to be so; but I'm not at all sure the author does a service to the cause by failing to lay out the difficulties standing in the way of at least some of them.

Nor is his discussion of the major strategic issues wholly satisfactory. The problem, no doubt, is that he chose to write a primer for a mass general audience rather than for one made up of people already conversant with strategic defense. Still, by pitching the discussion at a level well below that of even his own exemplary articles in *Commentary*, he opens himself to the sort of attack one can easily envision in the prestige press.

At the same time, there is no doubt that some of the fundamental strategic issues *are* simple and to present them as complex is merely to obfuscate. None is more important than this: For all their frenzied rhetorical assaults on America's SDI program, the Soviets themselves are, and long have been, hard at work on their own. Some of Jastrow's most powerful pages are devoted to just this point. "The essence of the matter," he says, "is that the Soviet Union has already assembled many of the pieces necessary for a nationwide defense against American missiles. . . . If one country gets a missile defense before the other, it will be the Soviet Union that does so and not the United States." Try as they may, the strategic thinkers of the Union of Concerned Scientists will never be able to explain to the American people why we should cease and desist our own strategic defense efforts while the Soviets are plunging full speed ahead on theirs. The facts, presented here by Jastrow, need to be known. □

THE LOST SOUL OF AMERICAN POLITICS

John P. Diggins/Basic Books/$23.95

Maurice Cranston

Teaching history in American schools has a very different impact from teaching history in European schools. The European child, invited to look back at the despotisms and corruption and the miseries which prevailed in the past, can have (at any rate, in non-Communist countries) the happy feeling that the world is better than it once was. The American child, learning of the noble deeds, the intellectual achievements, and the spiritual elevation of the American people and their leaders in the early years of the Republic, can only experience a melancholy sense of loss. In fact there are many American schools today where history is simply not taught, and forward-looking "social studies" are used to encourage the young to swing cheerfully and mindlessly with the times.

The title of Professor John Diggins's book is well chosen, for *The Lost Soul of American Politics* is a history of political ideas in America and of the political experience of the nation which lived by those ideas, a nation which was virtually unique in the world in being a republic newly founded by philosophers; a nation which had (as it no longer has) a shared understanding of freedom. Mr. Diggins has produced a work of formidable scholarship, controversial in some of its conclusions, but full of interesting suggestions as to what constituted the originality of American political thought. It is a history of decay.

Even in the most abstract realm of political philosophy, each century since the age of the Founders seems to mark a step downwards, as America passes from the naturalism of the age of Jefferson, which prompted the loftiest minds to pursue the life of politics, to the nineteenth-century transcendentalism of Emerson and Thoreau, which led superior intellects to withdraw from politics, and on to the twentieth-century pragmatism of James and Dewey, which, as Mr. Diggins puts it, "no longer suggested political independence but social control."

Recent historians of the United States have disagreed as to whether the "Lockean" tradition of English liberalism or the "classical" doctrine of republicanism contributed more to the ideology of the American Revolution. Mr. Diggins emphasizes more than most historians the importance of Calvinism, and I believe he is right to do so, since Calvinism shaped moral and social attitudes no less than the strictly political ones, and its influence came indirectly as well as directly. The political ideas of the revolutionary moment—the thinking behind the Declaration of Independence, and much else that Jefferson wrote—did not perhaps differ greatly from those of the French Enlightenment; but the political theory embodied in the Constitution, and in the writings of the Federalists, is surely much indebted to Calvinism.

A key concept which exercised the mind of all those who took part in political debates in eighteenth-century America was *virtue*. This word, which is hardly ever uttered today except ironically, meant much to the Founders because they were all acutely aware of the ancient doctrine restated in their own century by Montesquieu, that the

Maurice Cranston is professor of political science at the London School of Economics. His most recent book is Jean-Jacques: The Early Life of Jean-Jacques Rousseau *(W.W. Norton).*

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guiding principle of any republic must be a disposition on the part of every citizen to put the public interest before his private interest, and this disposition they called "virtue."

Jefferson and others who shared the fashionable optimism of the Enlightenment believed that they could count on the American people having, and continuing to have, such republican virtue. On the other hand, John Adams, the Puritan, conscious of man's original sin, could see in history "no age or country in which republican virtue existed"; Hamilton, the skeptical disciple of David Hume, thought it wiser to assume that men would put their own interest before the common interest; Madison, likewise, expected man to be animated by concrete desires rather than abstract principles. For those who took this more pessimistic view of human nature, institutional arrangements needed to be designed to prevent harm even more than to facilitate the doing of good.

And yet the realism of the Federalists was entirely free from the cynicism of Old World republicans; indeed they were as confident as anyone of the splendid, nay, heroic vistas that were opening before them as the frontiers of liberty extended. They had no doubt that the operations of an Invisible Hand would ensure that each man's pursuit of private wealth would contribute to the wealth of all. Every American believed in the saving grace of work. Their main problem, after they had used power to throw off the power of the British, was, as Mr. Diggins puts it, to confront their own power and "the even more demanding problem of self-control."

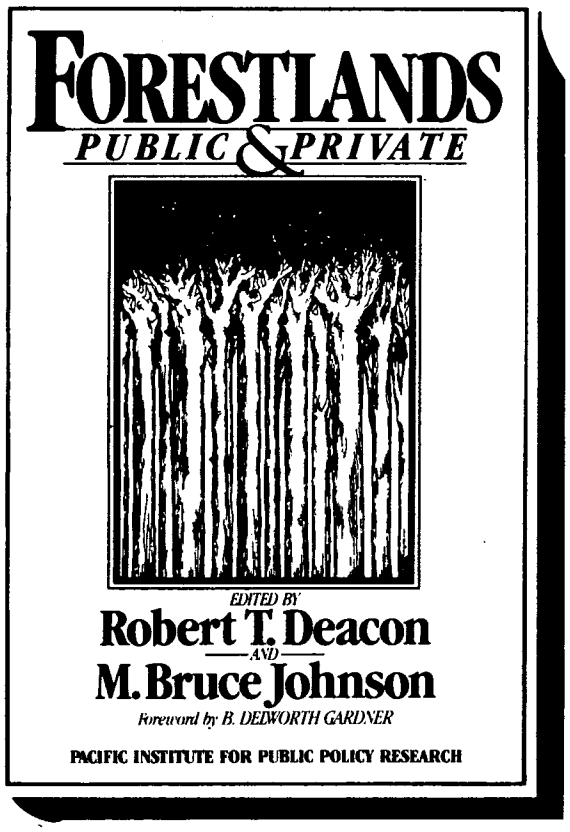
They found more than a hint of a solution to this problem in Montesquieu. For when Montesquieu gave up his early hope of finding the republican ideal brought to life in any modern state, he recommended a system of constitutional checks and balances which would prevent any one center of power in a state from becoming dominant, and hence despotic. Such a state would not then need to rely on a full quota of republican virtue to keep it from corruption. It would, however, still need a citizen body whose members, while pursuing their private satisfactions, understood and respected both liberty and law; institutions alone could not keep a republic intact. The "spirit" of all law was, as Montesquieu put it, more important than the letter.

In other words, a certain common standard of morality was demanded even by those philosophers who did not think it safe to place too much faith in man's capacity for virtue, and in this respect the American people did not disappoint the Founders. In the following century, Tocqueville discovered that America still had a high degree of moral discipline; and he attributed the success of democracy in the United States to the existence of this quality in its people. Mr. Diggins points out that the type of virtue which Tocqueville found in America was not that of the classical ideal; in fact it was more Puritan than Roman, and more feminine than masculine. But it was remarkably effective.

Tocqueville argued that democracy worked in America to an extent that it could not be expected to work in Europe because the prevailing ethical code of the American people was of a sounder and more austere kind than that of European nations; moreover, it was the women of America who were the custodians of that morality, and the American family was the medium through which it permeated American society.

Unlike his predecessor Montesquieu, Tocqueville did not ascribe great importance to political institutions; it was American society, he suggested, which

BUREAUCRACY vs. ENVIRONMENT



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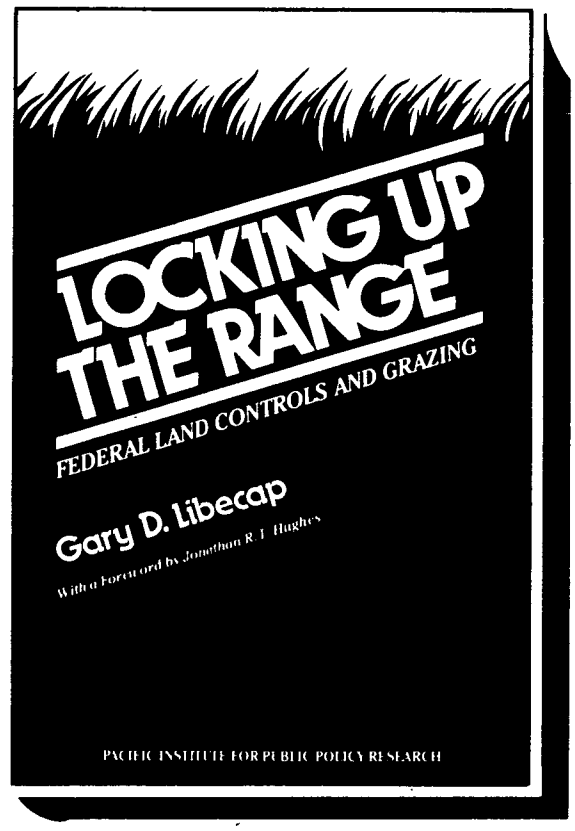

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provided the solid base of American democracy, and therefore it did not matter so much that American politicians had declined into mediocrity since the age of Jefferson and Hamilton. What mattered was that the American people controlled itself less through the authority of society and its unwritten laws; socially conformist, the Americans could afford to be individualistic politically; government was not needed to discipline a people which disciplined itself.

Behind this moral code Tocqueville discerned the presence of religion. Mr. Diggins praises him for having been the "first to explore the relationship of Christianity to democracy" and to consider "how the spirit of religion and the spirit of liberty worked together to strengthen the fabric of political society." Religion, Tocqueville observed, functioned first of all as a source of order and restraint. Although populated by various sects, America was tied together by common bonds of religious sentiment that "provide the greatest real power over men's souls." It was because religion penetrated so deeply into the souls of American women that they were able to regulate the behavior of their menfolk "in the outside world of heartless competition and worry."

As Tocqueville explained the situation, it was religion which gave American women higher standards than those of their European counterparts; thanks to their religion, they were more chaste and upright; they set a more austere example to their children; and in a country "where the marriage tie is most respected, and where the highest and truest conception of conjugal happiness has been conceived," the American male "derives from his home that love of order which he carries over into the state."

"The eyes blink," Mr. Diggins comments, and he goes on to suggest that Tocqueville's generalization would "flounder" in today's America, in the face of "infidelity, divorce and the apparent breakdown of the traditional family." The reader may well ask: Would it? Can American democracy remain secure in its hold on the people at home and compelling in its appeal to the rest of the world if it ignores what Tocqueville had to say about religion, morality, and freedom? If a Supreme Court bans school prayers today, can it expect to find God-fearing and upright citizens in the America of tomorrow?

If the domestic virtue of nineteenth-century Christianity is to vanish like the public virtue of eighteenth-century classicism, has democracy itself a future? Experience gives no grounds for optimism. □

THE IMAGE AND OTHER STORIES

Isaac Bashevis Singer/Farrar, Straus & Giroux/$17.95

Anita Susan Grossman

Isaac Bashevis Singer's latest book of stories shows that the old master, at eighty-one, has lost none of his wizardry. Although in his autobiography he mentions a period of years after his emigration to America when he was unable to write any fiction, he has grown increasingly prolific in later life, producing work after work with an energy that would astonish a far younger writer. Just when we thought he had summed up his *oeuvre* with the publication of his *Collected Short Stories* (1982), the *Stories for Children* (1984), and *Love and Exile* (1984), a one-volume reissue of his autobiographical trilogy, he comes out with a new collection of tales never published before in book form—for all the world like an exuberant performer who refuses to stop with his final curtain call.

The past few years have also seen the publication of the novel *The Penitent* (1983) and two books for children, *The Golem* (1982) and *The Power of Light* (1980), not to mention the novels, stories, and memoiristic pieces published in the *Forward* and other Yiddish-language periodicals that Singer's English-speaking audience has never seen. (Most recently this includes a new novel, *The Way Home*, which has been serialized in the *Forward* for the past year and a half.) In fact, although the publisher of this current collection does not mention it, several stories in *The Image* were published previously in Yiddish—not surprisingly for an author who once told an interviewer that "he does not write for the translator." But then, whom does he write for? A novelist who collaborates so closely with his translators as Singer does, who has spent the past fifty years of his life in America, who knows that the vast majority of his readers are non-Yiddish speakers, must indeed in some measure be writing for the translator, as Singer himself acknowledges in the preface to this new book. The English version, he writes, is especially important to him because it is the basis of all subsequent translations into other languages:

> In a way, this is right, because, in the process of translation, I make many corrections. I always remember the saying of the Cabalists that man's mission is the correction of mistakes he made both in this world and in former reincarnations.

Like his Yiddish-speaking audience, then, we can feel comforted by his assurance that the storyteller is as much our special property as others'. If he has not managed to become an English-language novelist like Conrad and Nabokov, those other writers-in-exile from Eastern Europe, he is at least a kind of uncle by adoption to his American readers. Besides, unlike the other two artists, Singer had a particular reason to keep writing in his native tongue at all costs: to memorialize a language whose speakers had been systematically murdered by the millions in the twentieth century, and to keep alive a literature and a culture which had barely begun to flourish when they were brought to the point of extinction.

If there is anyone left who is unfamiliar with Singer's work, *The Image and Other Stories* will serve as well as any of his recent books as an introduction. To be sure, the stories are not top-notch Singer—but this is merely to say that they do not approach the demonic energy of such early tales as *Satan in Goray*, "The Destruction of Kreshev," "The Black Wedding," or "The Gentleman from Cracow"; nor do they have the rich complexity of "Gimpel the Fool" or "The Spinoza of Market Street," which will surely remain two of his greatest achievements. The mood here is more mellow, the energy somewhat attenuated. The supernatural, when present at all, is merely a faint echo of the all-too-human passions which these stories explore—pride ("The Mistake"), quarrelsomeness ("The Litigants"), guilt ("The Pocket Remembered," "A Nest Egg for Paradise"), and, most frequently, love. Here, as elsewhere, many of his stories are devoted to showing the astonishing persistence of sexual passion in all its unlikely forms: In the tiny story a girl is prevented from consummating her marriage because of the interposed image of her previous fiancé; in another, a Polish squire, overcome by grief at his wife's death, digs up the body to sleep with; an older woman discovers that a former lover from years past is planning to marry his own daughter, whose existence he had never known of; a poor Jewish girl manages to meet the Polish poet she idolizes—only to find her romantic dreams turn into a nightmare of humiliation; a paralyzed whore manages to seduce the driver hired to cart her off to the poorhouse, making him abandon his family to run off with her instead. (Neither age nor decrepitude exempts his characters from taking their assigned parts in life's comedy.)

Readers of Singer narratives will notice the repetition of familiar autobiographical settings: Some stories he hears as a child in Warsaw, others as a young writer embarking on his career or as an older writer in a New York newspaper office, or, later yet, as an aged celebrity, still prone to misadventures with his ardent female admirers. (Having nearly been trampled by a horde of middle-aged women all eager to shake his hand after a lecture, I can personally vouch for their aggressiveness.) The underlying themes, too, remain the same, conforming to a world view that might be described as a mixture of rationalism and mysticism. The son of a Hasidic rabbi, Singer has retained a deep affection for the system of belief he rejected as a youth, so that for all his celebration of the passions, he also recognizes the joy that can be reached by immersion in the Torah and a religion based on ritual and self-restraint. Frequently his stories describe the conflicting pulls of worldly and other-worldly concerns. In "The Pocket Remembered" and "A Nest Egg for Paradise"—two variations on the same theme—a pious Jew briefly succumbs to sexual temptation and then, stricken with guilt, is ultimately brought to greater holiness and contentment.

Such options are not available for many of the characters of these later stories, however. Having lost their original religious belief, they seek a variety of substitutes for it—in philosophy (Spinozism), social theories, spiritualism, the secular messianism of politics (especially Communism), or simply immersing themselves in love affairs. Few of these solutions are apt to prove satisfactory in the long run, for Singer is too much of a skeptic not to see the flaws in any scheme of salvation, particularly in political movements. In his fiction and

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Anita Susan Grossman has written for Commentary, *the* Times Literary Supplement, *and other publications.*

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memoirs he is particularly hard on Jewish Communists, who should have known better but who flocked to the Soviet Union in the 1920s and 1930s, only to perish there; but neither has socialism or even Zionism ever really captured his imagination. (The Zionists of the 1930s, one must remember, had little use for Yiddish novelists.) It would seem that the Jews of Eastern Europe came from the shtetl into the flux and chaos of the twentieth century, at the mercy of the forces of history and of their own turbulent passions. No wonder there is something ghostlike about these survivors Singer meets up with in his stories—whether in New York, Miami, Rio de Janeiro, or Tel Aviv. Some of them even turn back to orthodoxy out of disgust with modern life, like the protagonist of *The Penitant,* or Yasha Mazur in *The Magician of Lublin,* who becomes a hermit.

Still, however bleak their ultimate social implications, Singer's short stories are also racy, vivid, teeming with life—in short, unmatched in their narrative power. At a time when serious fiction tends toward murky plotlessness, Singer has gone a long way to make Aristotelian values respectable again. It may be true that he is a repetitious writer, constantly reworking the same material, as the Yiddish critic Elias Schulman complained in *Di tsukunft* recently. As far as I'm concerned, however, he's welcome to repeat variations on his act for years to come. In a graceful bow to the audience at the end of one of his stories, the narrator remarks, "I am forty percent deaf, thirty percent blind, sixty percent senile, but I can still read my lectures, repeat my old jokes, discern a beautiful face, listen to the many secrets that women tell me on the morning after my appearance when we drink coffee and munch toast with jam." One wishes Singer many such mornings. □

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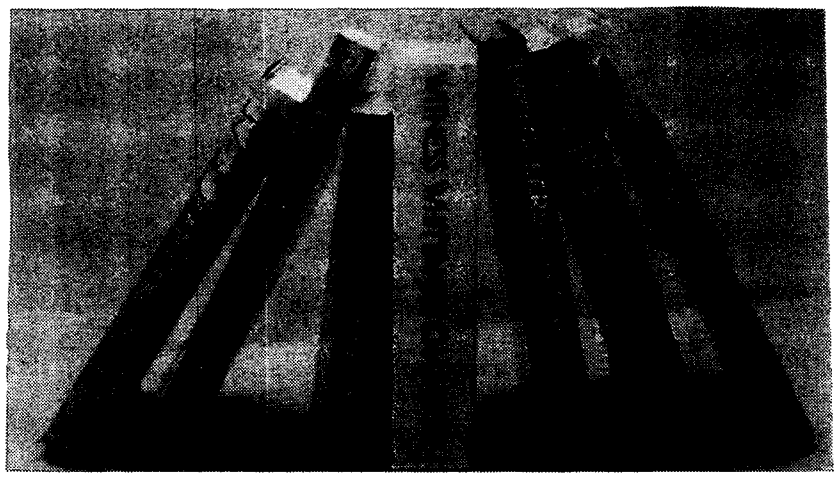

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TENNESSEE: CRY OF THE HEART
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THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS:
THE LIFE OF TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Donald Spoto/Little, Brown/$19.95

Thomas Mallon

When writing an umbrella review such as this, the reviewer often wants to dispose of the worse book first so that his essay can reach its climax while descanting upon the better book's virtues. "Dispose"—as in garbage disposal—seems particularly apt in the case of Dotson Rader's *Tennessee: Cry of the Heart*, a sexual and pharmacological memoir of Tennessee Williams's last, lost decade. Rader, who says he was never Williams's lover, presents some confusing fragments of the playwright's earlier biography, but mostly this is a book about Williams's tormented decline in health and critical reputation: a squalid potion of anecdotes slimed together with a rotting pestle. It is a tale chiefly of hustlers and amphetamines, purgatorial wanderings between New York and Key West, and, finally, though Rader would not admit it, of betrayal.

Rader highlights his solicitude toward Williams, but the book really shows him to have been not so much the older man's protector as his binge buddy. They popped pills and boys from the same jars and jeans, and Rader now confesses his crocodile rue: "I could hear Tennessee's labored breathing. I felt great love for him. I thought of him as a kind of warrior in the dark heat of battle, and I was sentimental enough in the warmth of the room and alcohol to think that Tennessee did everyone, especially writers, great honor by his struggle and survival."

Rader, whose writings about the "Movement" enjoyed some small fame in the late sixties and early seventies (a time when fame was at a discount), refers to that period as "the rancid years," but he isn't very clear-minded about whether he prefers the current morning after to the excesses he recounts with a certain glazed nostalgia.

He is just enough sobered up to recognize the irony of "babbling of revolution amidst wine and pot and hustler and other indulgences of the privileged class," but his attempt to depict Tennessee Williams as "a politically committed man of the left" is generally hilarious. He describes the Vietnam war as "a conflict that reached its apex the night we met." He doesn't explain this, but he likes to explain other things. Did you know that a raised fist was "a symbol of resistance to oppression"? Or that William Faulkner is "the South's other great writer"? This book can tell you those things. This Movement historian also recalls the May Day demonstrations, "protests that would paralyze [Washington, D.C.] and result in thirteen thousand arrests, my own among them," as having taken place in May 1973. Those demonstrations of course took place in 1971. Perhaps "The Big Dot," as Williams called him, slept through the Paris peace accords.

The writing is unintentionally funny. There are lo-cal intellectual clichés ("Writing and life were synonymous"); and lots of lines that seem like purplish outtakes from Williams's worst plays ("Only he did not have a toothache, that being merely a ploy to procure a drug to deaden a more harrowing pain, that of the heart"). Rader has more ability and desire to dramatize himself than to evoke Williams. He likes to drop names (be they Jim Morrison's or Lillian Carter's) into crud, hoping they'll beam up and reflect himself. While he and Williams were friends, Rader kept, with the playwright's knowledge, "notes, letters, journals, and other papers" about their time together. The result is this supposedly tender offering, which is really a little ring of poisoned violets tossed on Williams's troubled remains. In one of his attempts at character analysis, Rader says that Williams "liked to slum." As they say on "Family Feud": good answer.

Donald Spoto did not win a reputation for gentlemanly restraint when he published his biography of Alfred Hitchcock *(The Dark Side of Genius)* a while back, which is why the general grace and judiciousness of *The Kindness of Strangers* may come as a surprise to some readers. This is a

Thomas Mallon teaches English at Vassar College and is the author of A Book of One's Own *(Ticknor & Fields).*

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thoughtful and well-proportioned book that celebrates Williams's "great period, 1944 to 1961" and attempts to explain the creative and personal slide that followed. Part of the reason for that decline lies too deep for tears or explanation, but some of it was brutally cultural: "Celebrity had made him [by 1959] a commodity, and the culture was entering a time of such worship of novelty that no one person could satisfy for long. . . . 'Not new, therefore not interesting' was becoming the standard." Even so, much of what he wrote *was*, in fact, uninteresting. The *Streetcars* no longer ran from his head. He would have been better off if friends and colleagues had honestly told him—before critics got the chance—that the new work was no good, and that in playwrighting, just as in politics, there is honor in being an extinct volcano.

He conspired against himself in every possible way. His hypochondria made him proclaim that each new play would be his last; the fear of poverty wouldn't allow him to believe in the fortune he accumulated. He distrusted the devotion of the one man who loved him fully and calmly, Frank Merlo, and in a late paranoid rage dismissed his agent Audrey Wood, putting an end to "one of the most lengthy, remarkable, loving and finally tragic creative relationships in American theatre history." He surrounded himself with jerks (see above), and "his Key West social circle enclosed nothing."

His most famous words concerned the kindness of strangers, but his imagination lived on the ghosts of family—the grandfather, parents, and sister who tenanted his mind and walked his plays. His crazy Southern mother Edwina lived to be 95, kept prosperous with royalties from *The Glass Menagerie*, of which she was certain Amanda was the heroine. The daughter she had lobotomized, Rose, survived as saint, muse, and martyr in her brother's mind. He would bring her down from the sanitarium in Ossining and take her to lunch at the Plaza: "She was in all respects a lady of great dignity, and she very often greeted passersby with a Windsor wave of her right hand, whispering that it was her duty as queen of England to greet all her children." The lovers, who he believed never really loved him, became ghosts, too, imaginative retainers, understudies who might be called to go on in one or another of the plays he kept desperately fashioning and revising, right up until the end, which came on the night of February 24, 1983, when he choked to death on a bottle cap he'd been using as a spoon for Seconal capsules.

Spoto's book, like Williams's life, is not solely about doom. There is intermittent amusement (what could be *more* amusing than knowing that Mary Martin and Gregory Peck were once mentioned as possibilities for Blanche DuBois and Stanley Kowalski?), and there is anecdotal glee: Williams is walking in London with the actress Sylvia Miles. She spots an emaciated girl and whispers to him, "Oh, Tennessee, look—anorexia nervosa." To which he replies: "Oh, Sylvia, you know everybody!"

What finally saves this book—what saved this life—from gloom and futility is not the odd anecdote or amusement, of course, but the work. If Spoto has committed any superfluity, it's in giving plot summaries of plays like *Streetcar* and *Glass Menagerie*, works that any remotely literate American mind now carries as part of its stock. There is something so powerfully living in Blanche and Amanda and Big Daddy and Maggie and Maxine that they can force belief from us even when they're set walking on the stages of a local dinner theater or community college. It is sometimes said that his great female characters are really just personal projections of homosexual fantasy; then I wonder what Brick and

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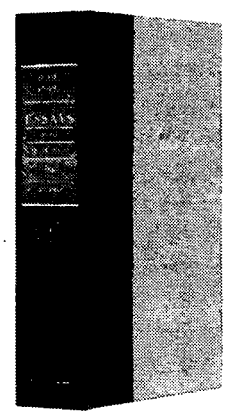

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Stanley and the Rev. T. Lawrence Shannon are. What they are, as Maggie the Cat shrieks, is *alive.*

Williams sends all of them, the men and women, toward clammy second-act hells. He has them sweat it out and battle back. Some of them make it. Hannah and Maggie drag Shannon and Brick home. Big Daddy fools cancer and lets out "a sigh of relief almost as powerful as the Vicksburg tornado."

What finally happens to Blanche is questionable; Laura breaks like glass. But every one of them, so extraordinarily exaggerated, so prone to take-off and imitation, remains firmly believable. Williams's heir to pre-eminence in the American theater is probably Sam Shepard, but to compare Williams's creations to Shepard's is to compare humans to humanoids. Shepard, for all his brilliance, likes to rob his characters of the last ten percent of real breath it would take to make us believe in them. There is finally a kind of heartlessness and perversity to much of what he writes. There is neither in Williams. The literal meaning of perverted is "turned the wrong way." It is perhaps the word most frequently applied—and most inappropriate—to this gifted and harrowed man, who in fact looked right at real human beings and came back with extraordinary news. As "the South's other great writer" might put it: He endures. □

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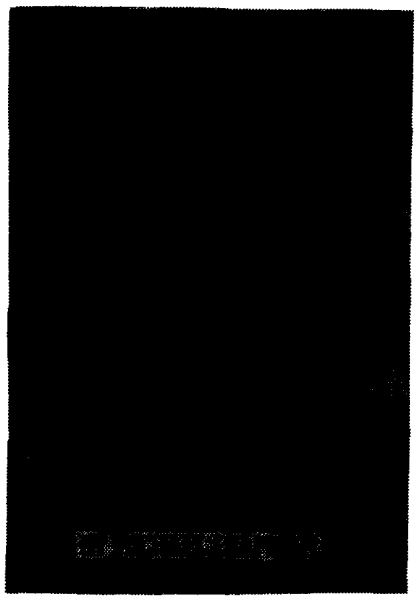

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HOW CAN WE KNOW?
AN ESSAY ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION
A.N. Wilson/Atheneum/$10.95

Fred Barnes

Given all the media jabber about a resurgence of religion and the revival of traditional values, you'd think that being a Christian nowadays is as easy as tying your shoes. It isn't. Not that anyone minds if you attend church occasionally; Christmas is always a good time because churches are so nicely decorated then. And no one thinks it out of the ordinary if you turn to religious ritual and summon a priest at some crucial point in your life; marriage, childbirth, or the death of a family member are the favorites here. Besides, an affinity with Christian ritual puts you in impressive intellectual company. Christopher Marlowe, after all, called himself a "high church unbeliever."

What's the hard part about being a Christian? That comes when you actually insist on believing that Christ died, was resurrected, and is alive today. The trouble, in other words, is when you are serious about your faith. Science, Biblical scholarship, the high-toned mutterings of various church leaders—if these don't put a dent in your commitment to Christianity, there are always the raised eyebrows of your friends to make you feel uncomfortable. And there's guilt by association. In place of Marlowe, you're identified with snake handlers, with those who believe that God does not hear the prayers of Jews, and with the folks who feel prayer makes medical treatment superfluous.

I'm exaggerating, but the truth is that secular pressure against Christianity continues to mount unrelentingly. In light of this, I'm amazed that so many people, including myself, have been able in recent years to overcome their often profound doubts and accept Christ. How has this happened? Obviously, grace, spiritual hunger, and the undying appeal of Christ's message are at the root of it. But several modern writers have also played a significant role in making Christianity attractive—necessary even—to educated, skeptical people who aren't normally drawn to something so out of fashion. I'm referring to C.S. Lewis, whose *Mere Christianity* is apologetics at its most brilliant, and Malcolm Muggeridge, who in *Jesus Rediscovered* argues persuasively for Christ over modern hedonism and the snares of the ego.

And now there is A.N. Wilson. If you've heard of him at all, it's probably in connection with one of his more worldly roles. He was literary editor of the *Spectator*, the English magazine, for a spell. He has written a biography of Hilaire Belloc (reviewed in these pages last month by Franz M. Oppenheimer). And he is a witty, trenchant, and sometimes risqué novelist. Well, Wilson is also a practicing Christian, and one who has worked through his doubts to achieve what I would call a mature faith. Not many of us have that, and even fewer can write about it as elegantly as he does in this slender volume (118 pages).

Wilson's view is that Christians shouldn't slough off the tough questions—and he doesn't. Nor should they panic if some of the answers aren't all that reassuring. When scholars say that the books of the New Testament were written by people without much knowledge and with an evangelical purpose in mind, that's no reason for anyone to jettison his faith, Wilson says. It will "take more than a handful of textual critics, or analytic philosophers to demolish the experience of millions of men and women who, in all corners of the earth, and for nearly two thousand years, have been able to echo the excited words of the Apostle Andrew: 'We have discovered the Messiah.' " So don't buckle. True, the textual crowd has found "that there are many things which our ancestors believed about the Bible which also happened to be false," Wilson writes. "But at the same time we have been able to read the Bible with fresh eyes and to discover that if it is written by men with a much more limited knowledge of the world than our own, it nevertheless enshrines truths which are inescapably compelling to us, with our quite different minds and circumstances."

For good reason, Wilson finds the

Fred Barnes is a senior editor at the New Republic.

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Sermon on the Mount troubling. At first glance, Christ seems to have everything backward. The poor are blessed? No way. But when Wilson looks at people he knows, Christians and non-Christians, Christ's teaching takes on greater appeal. "I think of promiscuous young women I know, their young faces already raddled with late nights, messy love affairs and too much dope and drink, and compare them with the radiant calm of some of the Christian women I know," he writes. "In such reveries, the Sermon on the Mount, with all its apparent reversal of common sense, seems luminously sane." But what Wilson calls "the abiding power" of Christ's sermon comes when addressed not to others but to oneself. "Here I am, stuck in my mid-thirties with the responsibilities of earning a living and providing for a family," Wilson says. "It should be very easy to shrug and say that I have no intention of plunging my children into poverty or adopting the Simple Life. But Christ's words do not go away as easily as that. . . . Why is it, the older one grows, the more topsy-turvy the wisdom of Christ appears; and yet the more it appears to be wisdom? He seems to be looking at life upside down; he tells us that the poor have security, the mourners will be happy, the sexually deprived will be the most fulfilled. It seems, by the wisdom of this world, as if he got everything the wrong way round. But live a bit, and one discovers that this is not necessarily the case at all. If the world is inverted, then the only way to see it clearly is upside down."

Far more troubling than the Sermon on the Mount is the Resurrection. What with death and gravity, how could someone rise from his tomb and soar to Heaven? Yet Wilson says he doesn't see "how one can be a Christian if one does not believe Christ rose from the dead, and that in an objective and absolute sense." But Christians aren't obliged to accept any particular version of the Resurrection, he adds. Nor do they have to rest their belief on the bits of evidence mustered by Christian apologists. "A belief in the resurrection is not solely a matter of deciding whether one trusts the five hundred witnesses, or the stories in the Gospels. For it must entail the trust, and it might even lead on to a certainty, that Jesus is alive today."

Wilson says he does not "find faith particularly easy." And he admits coyness about "coming before the public" with a book on Christianity, not a novel. Still, many in the public may share "the doubts and difficulties I have experienced," he writes. Indeed, many do, and his book will make overcoming these obstacles a good deal easier. It is a great book and one that will be with us for a long time. □

THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

THE OLD TOWN BAR

by Richard Brookhiser

My neighborhood is changing. That is what *New York* magazine says, so it must be so. The agents of transformation there as in every neighborhood in and around Manhattan are yuppies. The yuppie flag was most recently raised at a state-of-the-art restaurant called America, on 18th Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue. It's as big as an airline hangar and about as noisy, and it has stylish wall murals through which (of course) the pipes have been allowed to show, and if you don't have a reservation you'll wait an hour and a half to be seated, and the menu in addition to some very good dishes has cute items like s'mores and fluff-r-nutters and tunafish sandwiches (it's American cuisine, you see, though at five bucks for s'mores, American Express cuisine is more like it), and all the waitresses wear miniskirts and black jewelry, and you can't toss a brick without killing someone who voted for Gary Hart. That is America the restaurant, and it may be America the country; and since I too am of course a yuppie, I have no real reason to complain. But when all I want is a drink, and I'm paying with my own money, I step down the street.

For some reason, many of New York City's best-preserved nineteenth-century bars cluster within a mile of each other, between the Lower East Side and Midtown: McSorley's Old Ale House where, the masthead will tell you, this journal was founded, on 6th Street, between Second and Third Avenues; Tuesday's (formerly Scheffel Hall) at 17th Street and Third; Pete's, at 18th and Irving Place; Harvey's Chelsea Restaurant, at 18th and Sixth. Many of these establishments have political or literary associations. McSorley's and Pete's were the hang-outs of Tammany pols; Scheffel Hall was a hang-out of James Huneker, music critic and bon vivant ("there was always something rakish and defiant about his hat," H.L. Mencken described him—"it was too white, or it curled the wrong way, or a feather peeped from the band—and a hint of antinomianism in his cravat"); Pete's proudly displays the booth where O. Henry once sat, fashioning O. Henry endings. Nothing in any of these places is the least bit new. Atmospherically, they are the opposites of America. But in their determination to be so, they in fact resemble it. Their owners are also stylists, every bit as much as the punk maitresses d' and the earringed busboys. For unselfconscious unfashionableness, you must go halfway down a still gray and unupgraded block of 18th Street between Broadway and Park Avenue South, to the Old Town Bar.

The Old Town Bar occupies the ground floor of a lonely townhouse, a dwarfed relic hunkering between *fin-de-siècle* office and factory buildings, relics now themselves. The glass of the front windows, and of the cabinets behind the bar, is beveled in sunbursts—the only sun that penetrates this interior. In lightless caverns, fish bleach; in the Old Town Bar, all hues deepen: the floor, paved with hexagonal tiles, once white, now gray; the ceiling, surfaced in pressed tin, once dark, now darker. The bar top has the fleshy feel of wood that has been soaked and cleaned and soaked again, for years and years (93 of them, according to the bartender). There were efforts, back in 1892, to make the place comfortable—a row of booths, equipped with coat hooks and bronze-colored lamps—but few to make it beautiful or whimsical. The most delicate decorations hide on the swing doors of the stalls in the men's room (where there may also once have been a period chain on the water closet, though to work it now you must tug a straightened-out coat-hanger). When the sun sets and the gloom outside matches the gloom within, the place is lit by hanging lamps with frosted bulbs, and by the glow of the front signboard, a rusted metal sheet on which the name is pricked out in the most ancient neon.

What distinguishes all this gay nineties retro from the competition is that none of it seems to have been restored, or refurbished, or even preserved, beyond day-to-day care and the force of inertia. It is not deliberately retro at all. Here and there are new arrivals, as casual as the veterans: the indispensable color TV (even tarted-up bars must have one, though this one, to be sure, has seen better days); the ashtrays, giveaways from liquor companies. Over the bar is a pendulum clock, but when the pendulum fell still, they put an electric in the case (forty years ago, by the look of it). Down a ways is a lampshade brandnamed by a whiskey company, stuck atop an oversized crock in the shape of a bottle—just the sort of knick-knack that filled suburban "dens" when the yuppie generation was being born. There is something restful in this haphazardness, and soothing to the soul. There are times when we only want to sit, in a place as satisfying as a mowed lawn, as easy as a hot bath, as snug as a shoe your wife has told you *ten times* needs fixing. Any place small and sleepy and slightly dingy can provide these gratifications. But nine decades of smallness and sleep and dinge, such as have accumulated in the Old Town Bar, suggest a true and deep understanding of the psyche.

Interesting patrons? No; yuppies are everywhere. A large selection of brews? The hot brand in town for a year now

(continued on page 49)

Richard Brookhiser is a senior editor of National Review.

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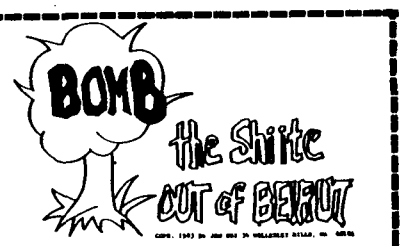

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SALOON

(continued from page 47)

has been a new beer, called New Amsterdam; they don't have it; stick to Budweiser. Good food? A regular told me to avoid the menu. He also told me that when *The Cotton Club* was being filmed, Francis Ford Coppola, on the lookout for *echt* backdrops, asked to use the Old Town Bar (and probably, being Coppola, offered to do a zillion dollar restoration in preparation for filming). The owner said, thanks, he liked things just fine the way they were. The story depressed me; I haven't had the heart to check it out. For if it won't be Coppola who breaks this oasis up, it will be something else. All owners are mortal; *New York* never lies; there is money to be made in my neighborhood, and glitter to be applied—so go, while they're still in the mint and the make-up case.

When you do, you will see a hand-lettered sign in the window, a lone reference to current events. "This," it declares, "is Ellis Island. You must stop here on your way to America." □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 7)

be reading Plato, Aristotle, Dante, and Shakespeare?"

I am indebted to Jeffrey Hart for pointing out that my statistics regarding the academic qualifications of Dartmouth's class of '87 were in error. It was a foolish mistake, and one for which, as Professor Hart helpfully points out, the editors of *The American Spectator* bear no responsibility. Yet for Hart to say that the "logic" of my review is based on these statistics is a bit curious. The "logic" of my review was based on *Poisoned Ivy*'s inadequacies, an issue of only tangential connection to the quality of students at Dartmouth College. The statistics merely served as ancillary illustration of a point I wanted to make about how Dartmouth's sense of its own purpose was more social than academic and in turn how that fact undermines the case *Poisoned Ivy* struggles to make against affirmative action. I stand by this larger point, and am somewhat surprised that Jeffrey Hart would question it since he is on intimate terms with at least one of the last decade's two towering monuments to a *sans souci* Dartmouth College: National Lampoon's *Animal House* and Ben Hart's *Poisoned Ivy*.

What surprises me more is that in the course of pointing out a simple error on my part, Jeffrey Hart imputes malice, questions my integrity, and takes a shot at my present employers. My, my! *Poisoned Ivy* had led me to believe that querulous reaction and criticism was the exclusive preserve of liberal professors at Dartmouth College.

A Small Gem

Yale and Rita Kramer's "The Shrinking of America" (*TAS*, June 1985) is to me a small gem: beautifully written, realistic and wise, amusing (even belly-laugh hilarious in spots, such as the report on Robert Jay Lifton's quick getaway after his "I'll be around, boys and girls" windup), and really informative to a "layman" such as myself, whose knowledge of psychoanalysis ranges from superficial to zilch . . . .

—Bernard Adelman
Winthrop, Massachusetts

Luttwak Ahoy!

Secretary of the Navy John F. Lehman ought to deep six the sour grapes (*TAS*, July 1985). Anyone reading Edward N. Luttwak's works (including *The Political Uses of Sea Power*) will clearly see that Luttwak is a better writer and a better thinker than Lehman. He strives for a "useful objectivity" while Secretary Lehman makes cracks about "armchair theory," "amateur Bismarcks," and "undemocratic desires."

I second *Forbes* magazine's recommendation that Luttwak become our next Secretary of Defense, and Mr. Lehman's boss.

—John F. Williams III
Portland, Oregon

The New Smugness

I am a recent subscriber. Please cancel my subscription . . . It wasn't at all what I was led to expect from the ad.

In case you are curious, I'm disappointed mainly because the overall tone reeks of smugness. Oh, come on, you say. How can I possibly think that?

Well, take, for instance, the article titled "Pennsylvania Prophets" in the July issue. I wonder if Mr. Carlson would be so glib if he were facing the same problems of unemployment and unemployability. Would he be so sanguine if, say, tomorrow, The Rockford Institute informed him that his services would no longer be needed and that his skills were technologically behind the times and that continuing his employment was economically infeasible. So would he please pick up and get another job somewhere else, and not make a fuss?

Another instance: I don't really *need* a page of vapid reverie on what it is like to be young and in love in Washington. (Same issue, Benjamin J. Stein.)

I'm afraid the quote highlighted on page 33 is all too true, if this magazine is any indication. "The conservatives are in danger of becoming as self-absorbed as the Liberals."

Sorry 'bout that.

—Marcia Spires
New York, New York

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to give milk
like a breast.

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It explores
the cunts of girls.
It explores
& tells.

It is nourishing.
It can suckle babies
with the bluest,
blackest milk.

It is clever,
has an endless store
an anecdotes & fables.

It is logical,
can do research,
can put its tip
against your piglike nose,
can even say
FUCK YOU.

But unlike your finger
or your breast
your pen is fickle.
It writes speeches
for two rival politicians.
It endorses checks
from almost anyone.
It writes bad lines
& writes good ones
without caring
& leaves you
to sort out the mess.

By this time
you have gathered
that the pen's a symbol.

Is it breast?
Or is it penis?

Cut it off!

[The Norton Anthology of Literature by Women: The Tradition in English; edited by Sandra Gilbert & Susan Gubar; W.W. Norton, 1985]

The Nation

Righteous indignation from the quixotic Christopher Hitchens, riding his nag through a convention of the Social Democrats USA:

Your typical Social Democrat has a wised-up, pitying manner. You are looking at someone, he seems to say, who has left illusions behind him. No flies can settle on this smirking countenance. Don't you know, the face seems to ask, that the world is a dangerous place? Haven't you read *The Gulag Archipelago*? Ever heard of the boat people? Don't you want America to be strong? Aren't you aware that you can't demonstrate for nuclear disarmament in the Soviet Union? At about this point, and to distract myself from the overmastering desire to slap the face, I imagine myself demonstrating for nuclear disarmament in the Soviet Union and being locked up by someone with precisely those features and that tone of voice.

[July 6/13, 1985]

New York Times

The Rev. Dr. Mr. Jesse Jackson applies his street smarts to the geopolitical scene:

Many of Mr. Jackson's remarks, however, criticized the Reagan Administration's handling of the hostage crisis in Lebanon.

"Any 6-year-old from the South Bronx or Bed-Stuy knows if somebody's got a knife at your throat and you say, 'When you let me up, I'm going to kill you,' then they're not going to let you up," Mr. Jackson said. "You don't say, 'Let me free so I can destroy you.' You say, 'Let me free so we can re-evaluate our relationship.'"

[June 26, 1985]

New England Journal of Medicine

An inspiring scientific advance, particularly important as the 1960s Haight Ashbury generation reaches middle age, reported in the neoconservative *NEJM*:

A recent case seen in an emergency department of a large urban hospital may have finally settled the tormenting and age-old question concerning the best method of removing *Periplaneta americana*, the common cockroach, from the ear canal. Numerous methods have been described in the medical literature, the most popular of which appears to be placement of mineral oil in the canal and subsequent manual removal of the creature. More recently, lidocaine spray has been suggested as a more effective approach to this problem.

A patient recently presented with a cockroach in *both* ears. The history was otherwise noncontributory. We recognized immediately that fate had granted us the opportunity for an elegant comparative therapeutic trial. Having visions of a medical breakthrough assuredly worthy of subsequent publication in the *Journal*, we placed the time-tested mineral oil in one ear canal. The cockroach succumbed after a valiant but futile struggle, but its removal required much dexterity on the part of the house officer. In the opposite ear we sprayed 2 per cent lidocaine solution. The response was immediate; the roach exited the canal at a convulsive rate of speed and attempted to escape across the floor. A fleet-footed intern promptly applied an equally time-tested remedy and killed the creature using the simple crush method.

[May 2, 1985]

Time

A note on style from San Francisco to Beirut:

John McCarty, 40, San Francisco, restaurant manager. He and a traveling companion, Victor Amburgy, 31, a former letter carrier who also lives in San Francisco, posed as brothers to conceal the facts that they are homosexuals. The Shi'ites have a stern attitude toward homosexuality and, says McCarty, "Had they known, we could have been killed." McCarty adds that the militiamen who guarded him particularly liked his olive-drab fatigue pants and tank-top shirts. "They thought that was real macho," says he.

[July 17, 1985]

Washington Post

Anthropological plumbings from Dr. Richard Cohen:

. . . there's a touch of ethnocentric arrogance in not recognizing that the Shiite fundamentalists have their counterparts in this country. Here, too, there are those who denounce the secular state, call for abolishing the public schools, yearn for so-called traditional values, would make religion a prerequisite for true citizenship, reject the fruits of the intellect (Darwin and his insights on our origins; Freud and his insights on our behavior) and would, within the cultural context of the West, limit the rights of women. For Americans to think that this sort of thing is limited to the Shiites of Iran and Lebanon, or the Sunnis of the Sudan and Pakistan, is not only blind ethnocentrism but also dangerous. Their passions are not inexplicable; they are downright down home.

[June 29, 1985]

Mother Jones

More inscrutable scratchings from the lovely Miss Barbara Ehrenreich, woman of science:

One night many years ago, when I was a fledgling scientist in the laboratory working late among the silent racks of test tubes, I was suddenly gripped by the sense that I was not alone. There was something *there*, I realized, and I was going to *beat* it. No more contaminated slides, offbeat results, distracting fluctuations, or smudges that might mean something but usually meant only another week of wasted work. There was something out there—to surround, trap, and force into neat, linear patterns of reproducible results. At that same moment I understood something about the world of science and scientists: underneath the cold commitment to facts, the affectless objectivity, there was the thrill of the chase.

Years later, when that epiphany had faded almost as completely as the memory of gel chromatography and radioimmunoassays, I came across the following explanation by the eminent 19th-century physician Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., of his appreciation of science: "I liked . . . to see a relentless observer get hold of Nature and squeeze her until the sweat broke out all over her and Sphincters loosened."

Surely I had not thought of nature as female; that would have been far too confusing for one of the few women above the rank of lab tech at Rockefeller University. An imp, maybe, but not a harridan. Yet I had to recognize the aggression, the covert rush of sadism, which is not idiosyncratic to late-night lab workers or impatient grad students but lies at the very heart of modern science.

[July 1985]

San Francisco Chronicle

Even more New Age maudlinism, this time from Herb Caen, San Francisco's legendary columnist:

I HAVE A NEW HERO. He's Allyn Conwell of Houston, spokesman for the hostages in the happily concluded hostage crisis. Like the rest of you, I can only judge by his on-camera performance, but he came across as cool, intelligent, dignified and well-spoken. He and his fellow hostages may have been briefed to say only cordial things about their captors, in which case Conwell is an excellent actor, too. I believed him when he said he had learned much of value from seeing the other side of the picture and that "I don't seek retaliation or revenge. I think we all need to find a deeper understanding of the circumstances that led up to people taking a desperate act, and if we do that, that is without a doubt in my mind the surest way of finding a solution to the international terrorist dilemma." A so-called polished diplomat couldn't have said it better. Conwell's wife, interviewed back home, said "Allyn has always strived for excellence." In this instance, at least, he achieved it. It doesn't hurt, by the way, that Conwell looks a bit like Roger Moore as James Bond. If I'm ever in a major jam, I want him around. Conwell. Not Moore.

[July 2, 1985]

Ms.

Scholarly reflections from the bidet:

As a fledgling pornographer (director of "The Adventures of Rick Quick") I must take issue with my antiporn sisters' somewhat reductive definition of porn as the "graphic, sexually explicit subordination of women." Porn is the graphic, explicit portrayal of people engaged in various sex acts, including exhibitionism.

The best pornography is erotic—"erotic" being that elusive quality that turns you on. Most porn is not particularly erotic, mainly because its own producers regard the genre with contempt. Those who explore the world of human sexuality with respect usually make the juiciest, most erotic porn.

The pornography that feminists find most offensive is really an illegitimate subcategory of porn—misogynist pornography—that treats women, as a class, with contempt. X-rated misogynist material, like its R- and PG-rated cousins, makes women look stupid or aesthetically unappealing; pictures them as unsavory characters (born bad); uses them as props instead of participative consenting adults; casts them in drama as victims of violence or brutal constraint (" . . . and they deserved it").

Now this last element is tricky because there is a legitimate subcategory of porn known as S & M (sadism and masochism), B & D (bondage and discipline) being a variant, consisting of slave-master fantasies where each participant has tacitly agreed to the scope of his/her role. S & M and misogynist porn sometimes overlap, but any porno aesthete can tell the difference.

We women need to concentrate not on censoring porn, which takes antisocial turns when driven underground, but rather on developing our own pornographic language.

—Kristin Leavenworth

[July 1985]

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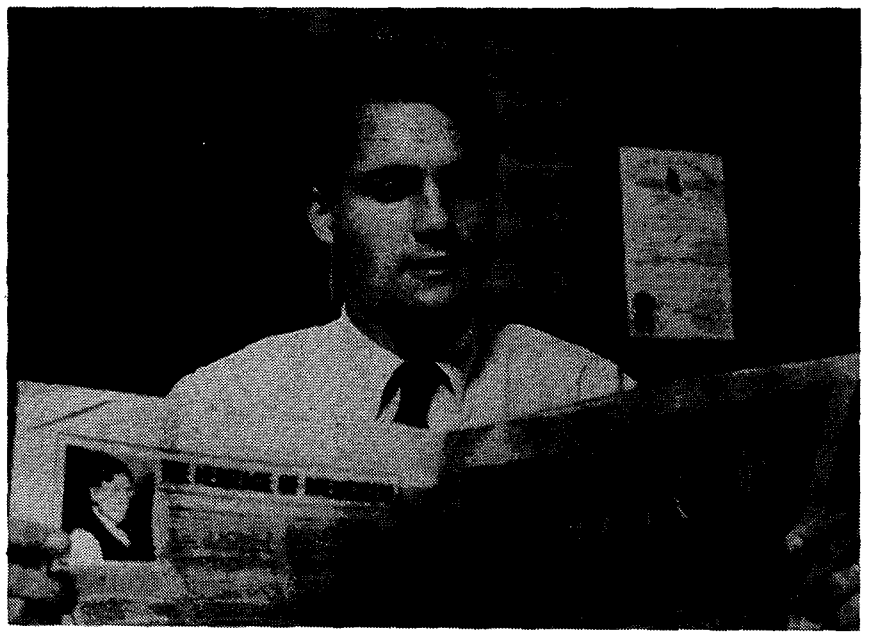

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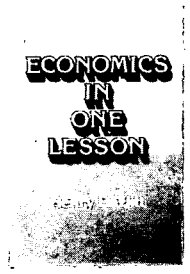

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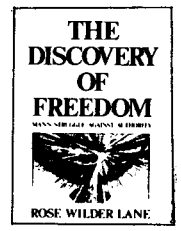

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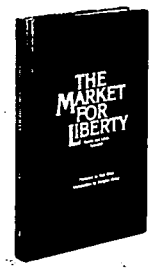

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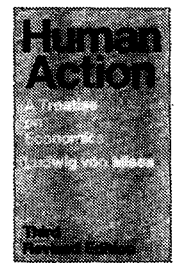

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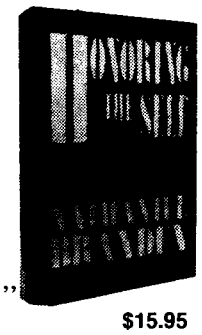

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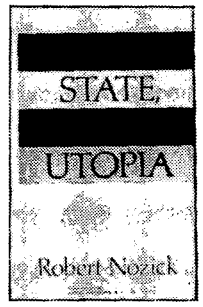

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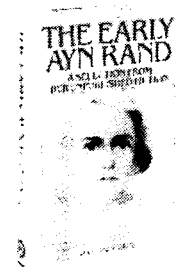

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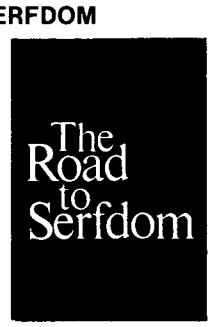

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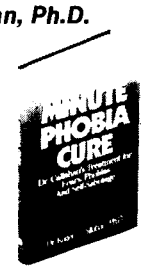

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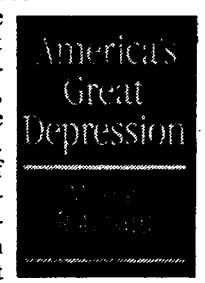

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